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POLYANTHA ROSES.

1-MIGNONETTE.
2-PAQUERETTE.

3-MADEMOISELLÉ CÉCILE BRÜNN
4-LITTLE WHITE PET.



JUNE, 1887.

THE SALE OF ROSES in this country amounts to fully a million plants a year at the present time. There are no statistics by which the exact number can be learned, but a knowledge of the extent of cultivation by the principal propagators enables us to estimate roughly as above stated. The probability is that the annual sale exceeds considerably rather than falls short of this amount. These plants are almost wholly raised on their own roots, as budded plants, which at one time were quite common, have fallen into disrepute and will now scarcely command a purchaser. The popular judgment in this respect is, no doubt, right, and will be sustained. Budded plants, except with some weak growing varieties, will never again be in vogue, and the number of excellent varieties of vigorous growth is so great that delicate growers will be discarded for this fault alone, no matter what other good qualities they may possess.

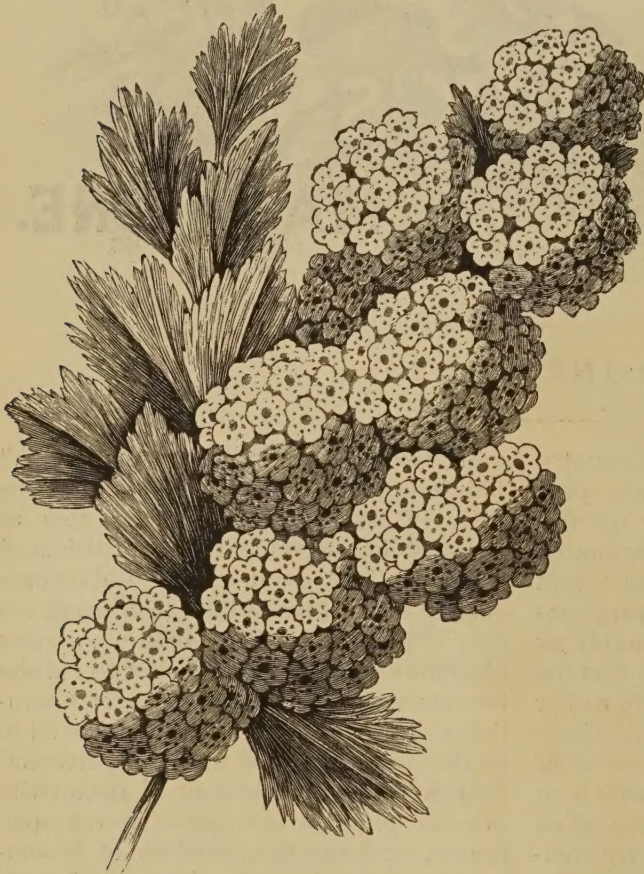
The Rose is the most highly prized, and, next to the Geranium, the most generally cultivated flowering plant. These remarks apply to amateur cultivation. Professional florists make rose-growing a very prominent part of their business, and immense quantities of flowers are raised during the winter season for cutting. The statement is made by a competent authority that in 1885 "the trade

sold twenty-four million cut Roses." This indicates, to some extent, the popularity of this particular flower. One of the most wonderful features of cultivated Roses is their great variety and consequently their adaptability to a great variety of purposes. The florist who raises his plants under glass, in order to cut the blooms, confines himself to a comparatively small list, which he has proved to be the most desirable for that particular purpose, either on account of peculiarity of color, or shape and size of bud or open flower, or fragrance, freedom of blooming, or a combination of some of these qualities. The varieties most popular at the present time for cutting, are American Beauty, William Francis Bennett, Cornelia Cook, Bon Silene, The Bride, Duke of Connaught, General Jacquemont, La France, Catharine Mermet, Niphetos, Perles des Jardins, Papa Gontier and a few others. These, it will be observed, are mostly Tea varieties or Hybrid Teas.

The amateur requires a much more extended list to select from. If provided with suitable glass structures, he can raise all the above varieties in winter as well as the professional grower, but his selection will take a wider range and include some varieties of great excellence, that would not be acceptable to the market grower on account of shyness of

bloom, or, perhaps, some other peculiarity; he will require climbing varieties to train up rafters and to cover walls; he will need to keep stocked his Rose garden in the open ground with the hardy varieties, such as are supplied by the Hybrid Perpetuals, the Mosses, the yellow varieties derived from the Austrian Brier, the Hybrid Chinas, the Prairie Roses, and others that will endure the severities of winter weather. At the South, the mild climate will allow the successful cultivation of the Bourbons, Noisettes and Teas in the open ground, and a great choice of kinds is offered.

We have several times called the attention of our readers to the Polyantha Roses,



SPIRÆA OPULIFOLIA AUREA.

and now present a colored plate of some of the principal varieties of this class. The flowers are shown of natural size. They are small in all of the varieties. The plants are quite low-growing, very short-jointed and bushy, and bloom with the greatest profusion imaginable, literally covering themselves with flowers, the blooming season lasting a long time. The capacity of these plants to stand cold weather is quite remarkable, equaling any of our hardiest wild species. A case in point will serve as an illustration. Last fall, on the fifteenth of November, sixty-five of these Roses were planted in a village in Western New York. When the order for them was made it was supposed that plants would be supplied which had finished their season's growth and were dormant. Instead of this, however, plants were sent directly from the greenhouse, in full foliage, and with wood still soft and growing, not

knowing that they were to be immediately planted out. Within a week freezing weather commenced. The young plants were covered with some litter. By the end of the month the weather became very cold and continued so until April 10th. Of the sixty-five plants forty-six survived, and are now fine plants. Under similar conditions, how many Hybrid Perpetuals is it probable would have lived? We doubt that any could have stood the ordeal. Plants that have had a season's growth in the open and ripened their wood, will survive the coldest weather here wholly unharmed. For borders and bedding in our climate these Polyantha Roses are unrivalled, and as cemetery plants they will yet come into very general use. For button-hole bouquets and dressing the hair, and similar uses, the flowers are large enough. The buds, though small, are well formed and quite pretty. For wearing on the person the buds and half-opened flowers will be preferred. There is not the variety of colors in these Roses that belong to some of the other classes, and the length of the petals is not sufficient to give them the graceful forms of the Tea and other varieties, and these qualities are not claimed for them, but they have sufficient merits of their own to entitle them to a very general recognition by all flower lovers.

The Polyantha Roses will probably become a source whence will be derived some very valuable hybrids by crossing with the Teas, Bourbons and Hybrid Perpetuals. Already, rose-growers have commenced experimenting with this end in

view, and BERNAIX, of France, sent out, last fall, a hybrid under the name of Made-moiselle Josephine Burland, which, elsewhere in this number, will be found described as "approaching more to the type of the Teas in flower." Thus, it will be seen there is in store for rose-growers, in all probability, a new series of varieties with desirable qualities distinct from the well established classes that now exist.

With this source of interest, in addition to those that already pertain to this family of plants, there is but little danger that there will be a falling off in its cultivation. The popular estimation of the Rose will continue to be like that of the poet, MOORE, who called it

" The sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower."

GOLDEN-LEAVED SHRUBS.

The first Dandelion bloom in springtime receives as hearty a welcome as many a rarer flower later in the season. After a cold winter, when the buds swell and the grass begins to green, the appearance of the golden disk of the Dandelion on the sod brings the promise of a whole summer of sunshine to vivify vegetation.

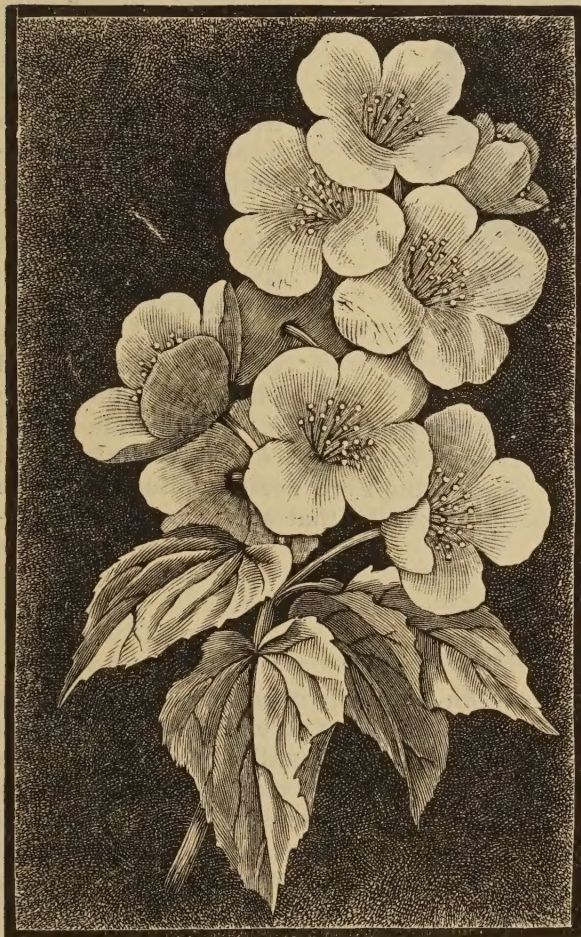
The Snowdrops, first to bloom, seem to affiliate with the snow that has so lately covered them, and which yet, in patches, remains to see itself typified in their pure blossoms; but the first gleam of color is golden. In the shrubbery we see it in the bloom of the Cornelian Cherry, *Cornus mascula*, which shows its bright yellow flowers before a leaf of any kind is to be seen. Closely following it comes the Golden Bell, or Forsythia, which almost literally clothes itself with its abundant yellow blossoms, before it puts out a leaf.

When the *Spiræas* begin to push out their leaves the most conspicuous among them, and, in fact, the most conspicuous object in the landscape, is the Golden *Spiræa*, *Spiræa opulifolia aurea*. The leaves come out a bright golden yellow, as if they were lighted up by a perpetual reflection of the noon-day sun; the effect is very pleasing, and especially so when the shrub is in close proximity to others with green foliage.

The Golden-leaved *Syringa* is another fine shrub with yellow

leaves, which appears a little later than those of the Golden *Spiræa*. The beauty of these plants lasts a long time, as it is not until sometime in summer that the leaves of the golden *Spiræa* part with their bright yellow tint, taking on a greenish hue. It must be considered that all this glitter appears early in the season, before a flower is to be seen on tree or bush, and it will then be apparent how valuable a place these golden-leaved shrubs fill.

The Golden *Spiræa*, after a few weeks growth, expands its numerous white



PHILADELPHUS FOLIIS AUREIS.

blooms in dense panicles, as shown by the engraving on the opposite page. In this condition it is a most striking object. The plant is quite hardy in all our northern country, standing out in all weather without protection. Hooker's *Spiræa* is another golden-leaved variety, very much like the last.

The Golden-leaved *Syringa*, *Philadelphus foliis aureis*, is a shrub of medium size, with golden yellow foliage, the brightness of which is retained through the whole season. It blooms about the time of the common Mock Orange, the flowers being similar, though not quite so fragrant.

A very valuable yellow-leaved shrub is the Golden Elder, a golden-leaved variety of *Sambucus nigra*. It is both hardy and handsome, and retains its color through

the season, especially if some pains is taken to cut it back each spring within a short distance of the place where it started the previous spring.

All of these plants require a full exposure to the sun, and are not as satisfactory if planted in the shade of trees; they seem to want to drink in the sunlight to reflect it again from their foliage. In a dry, open spot on the lawn they will never be disappointing. A very desirable method of planting them is to



DOUBLE CHINESE PRIMROSE—SPECIMEN PLANT.

grow them with both green-leaved and dark-leaved shrubs. The Purple-leaved Berberry, the Purple-leaved Filbert and *Prunus Pissardi* are excellent dark-leaved plants to group them with for contrast. Such groups are beautiful during all the mild weather, and in this respect are superior to shrubs that are principally attractive only during the blooming season.

CHINESE PRIMROSE.

A stock of plants of the Chinese Primrose can be easily raised from seed, and it should be the aim of those who desire a fine window plant in winter, with plenty of flowers, to secure in this manner, during summer, a good number of fine specimens of this most valuable winter-blooming plant. There is no plant better adapted to winter culture, and none that will compare with it in quantity of bloom in the dull season of the year. The plants can be kept over for a second and even a third year's blooming, but the flowers are never so large nor so abundant after the first year. Seed sown this month will produce plants that will bloom about midwinter. It is best, as a rule, to use seed of mixed varieties. The seed of the double *Primula* gives a large proportion of plants with double flowers, and these are more valuable for cutting, but plants with single flowers will give the most bloom, and, consequently, are usually preferred. Sow the seeds on the surface of fine, light soil in a pot. Let the soil be moistened before sowing, sprinkle a little sand lightly over the seed and cover with a pane of glass. Keep in the shade. If necessary to water, stand the pot in water and allow it to pass up into the soil, but do not pour water on the top. Soon after the plants are up they can be pricked out into small pots and then be grown on through the season, shifting them as may be necessary.

PRUNING ROSES.

In order to work intelligently we should generally be able to give a reason for what we do. There are some persons who go about their work with all confidence, and who have plenty to say in a general sort of way, but when cornered as to details of why and wherefore, can not "render a reason." There are others who, being observant in some sort, and painstaking, have learned to do many things by rote correctly, but cannot, if questioned, say why they do thus or so. But there is no reason why, with an observing habit and judicious inquiry and reading, and the use of whatever means of accumulating knowledge lie within our reach, we should not go about our work knowing why we do a thing this or that way. And this applies as well to pruning Roses as to building bridges.

The subject in hand, however, requires, first, a little dividing, in order to deal with it intelligently. We will first take Roses in a dormant condition, and treat of them in classes.

1. Climbers. These, whether they are Climbing Teas, such as Marechal Niel, Gloire de Dijon, Reine Marie Henriette, &c., or such as Gem of the Prairies, Queen of the Prairies, or some of the tall growing sports from the Hybrid Remontants, as climbing Jules Margottin, Victor Verdier, &c., all these require similar treatment as to pruning. If to be prepared for planting after removal, from the nursery or otherwise, a rather severe pruning will be necessary. All the thin, sprayey wood must be trimmed out, and from one to three strong shoots left, these to be shortened down to two or three eyes. The roots should have all damaged parts cut away, and the ends of all broken ones cut clean with a sharp knife, which latter, by the way, is a most indispensable thing before any pruning of whatsoever kind be attempted. Apply the knife above the bud, making an upward cut as nearly horizontal as convenient, so as to leave as small a wound as possible.

The three first named varieties, of course, are only hardy where winters are comparatively mild.

The subsequent annual pruning of all climbing Roses may be reduced to trimming out all weakly growths, and reducing the remaining shoots to what will just

furnish the pillar, or wall to be covered, without crowding.

If desired, upright permanent shoots may be left to have their lateral blooming branches cut in to an eye or two each year, so as to form spurs. When enough uprights are growing, all shoots from the base of the plant should be rubbed off or cut away as soon as they appear. The ends of the uprights to be cut to the height desired for the pillar, porch, &c.

2. Hybrid Remontants. These, at planting time, may be treated as recommended for climbers, thinning out all weak wood, and leaving three to five or six strong growths shortened down to one or two eyes each. The roots attended to as recommended for the climbers.

The reason for all this hard pruning being to conserve the sap for the use of a few well ripened buds, so as to produce a strong, sturdy growth; and here, it may be said, for that very reason, a weak or moderate growing kind, or a weak specimen of a strong kind, may have fewer shoots left, and these shortened more than the stronger growing ones.

The subsequent pruning of Hybrid Remontants proceeds upon this very basis. Most of the weak growing kinds may be pruned very nearly as much every spring as when first planted, and not more than five or six eyes of their strongest shoots should be left.

The moderate growing ones may have one-half or two-thirds of the length of the strong shoots cut away, while the very strong growing ones may have from one to two-thirds of the entire length of their growths left, and in all cases the weak spray, which usually grows in the lower part of the plant, should be cut away, together with all thin shoots.

Where these Roses are grown as specimens, or groups on the lawn, the minimum amount of wood recommended to be left will usually be found to give the best results. But if grown in beds, the maximum amount left and pegged down, or tied to a wire frame, will produce a fine effect, and looks better in a bed than if left in bush form.

3. Hybrid Noisettes, such as Coquette des Alps and Coquette des Blanches,

being very free flowerers and not over strong growers, require rather close pruning, and should not have too many shoots left, or the quality of the flowers will not be so good. The varieties of this class are not planted quite as much as they deserve, as they produce their flowers in large bunches, which can be cut for use in small table or other decorations in almost unlimited numbers; and the more they are cut the more they will produce, which, in some sort, is true of all Roses, and almost all other flowers.

4. Austrian Briers are the only hardy yellow Roses, and being so very distinct should be planted more than they are. They may almost be grown and left to themselves without any surgical assistance beyond a very little thinning out of weak or crowded branches, or the shortening of just the ends of the shoots, as much pruning means no flowers. Being rather weak growers, it would be well to have two plants, or, as Mr. ELLWANGER,

I think, recommends, two sets of plants, and by pruning them alternate seasons a better growth, and consequently better bloom, would be secured.

There are many other kinds of hardy Roses enumerated in catalogues, Cabbage, Boursault, Centifolia, and others, but their treatment at planting and their subsequent pruning proceeds upon the principle of vigorous pruning for the weaker kinds, and modified for the moderate and strong growing ones until climbers require little beyond thinning out and shortening to the height of the building or other support upon which they grow. Remember always to have a very sharp knife—shears never make so clean a cut—and cut just above a bud, upwards, and make as little wound as possible, and in the case of Roses grown in bush form to cut to a bud pointing outwards, so that the branches shall neither cross each other nor grow into the center.

JAMES BISHOP.

THE WILD FLOWERS OF NANTUCKET.

South of Cape Cod, and about sixty miles southeast of the city of New Bedford, lies the Island of Nantucket, with its quaint old town of the same name. Once famed for its whale fishery, it is now little known in "the great world," save as a summer resort for those who chase the phantom health, or the still more elusive one—pleasure. While the surface of Nantucket can hardly be termed level, yet its greatest elevation is stated on the map of the island as ninety-one feet, and there are few trees to relieve the monotony of the landscape, except the sickly Pines planted some years ago by the inhabitants, and the trees in the town itself, which grow finely, being sheltered, in a measure, from the harsh Atlantic winds, against which unprotected trees find it so hard to struggle.

There are numerous tiny Oaks scattered about, looking like bushes, while some of them in time attain a height of several feet, but although it is said that large trees once grew here they seem to have departed with the smoke of the red man's wigwam, and belong to the dead past of Nantucket. One writer, in speaking about the agricultural possibilities of the island, says: "We have almost every

variety of soil, with a general absence of rocks." As far as my experience goes, I can vouch for the scarcity of rocks to interfere with the labors of the farmer, but any lack in that direction is amply atoned for by the numerous swamps and ponds which necessarily render many acres unfit for cultivation. It is but justice to the swamps to say, that however much they may interfere with so-called practical benefit to the human race, they are, during the warm season, continually doing their best to furnish that which is about as necessary to us as the bread we eat—beauty. Divest the earth of all its beauty, and, humanly speaking, it would hardly be worth living in. From early spring until frost closes the scene these marshes are a veritable botanical paradise, and, fortunately for the inhabitant and visitor, the flowers are not restricted to the wet localities, but look up at you from every quarter, as if trying to atone for the want of trees and the rather unpicturesque scenery around them.

The blue of the Iris in the swamp is soon replaced by the snowy blossoms of the white Azalea, which send forth their sweet perfume only to be superseded by the *Cephalanthus* globes and the *Clethra*

plumes, whose fragrance fill the summer air. Masses of the *Rosa Carolina*, such as England, with her wealth of Roses, can hardly rival, put forth their flowers of many shades, from the most delicate pink to a glowing crimson, and from among the bushes with which the marshes near by are filled, majestic stalks of the *Lilium superbum* lift their pyramids of scarlet bells to ring an approving chime.

Near the edge of the bogs the *Lilium Philadelphicum* raises such flaming cups to catch the summer sunlight, that I find myself wondering if the "Southern Red Lily" has not come north for the season, but, as MARIA L. OWEN, in the list of Nantucket flowers, only mentions two varieties of the Lily—the *superbum* and *Philadelphicum*—I am constrained to believe after all that it is the old friend of my childhood, the "Wild Orange Red Lily" in a newer, brighter dress.

Close to the damp soil lie the gleaming leaves of the *Drosera*, looking as if Jack Frost had been transacting a little business left over from last winter, in the way of ornamentation. The *Aletris farinosa* and the beautiful Orchid, *Calopogon pulchellus*, keep company with the modest Sundew, while the *Xyris*, with its yellow eye, looks complacently upon its surroundings, and nods at the Cranberry vines, with their large berries already blushing for the harvest as if to show that there is a practical vein even where the plowshare may not come. The Cranberry is not the only substantial product of the wet land, for the rampant Grape vines which swing their floral censors in the spring time replace them in autumn with clusters of such huge grapes as rival our garden varieties and prove a real bonanza to the native.

The grassy roadside in places is so bespangled with the yellow blossoms of the *Leontodon autumnale* as to remind one of the sky on a starlit night, and in some instances the primitive roads themselves are adorned with the delicate flowers of the *Oldenlandia*, or the gayer bloom of the *Pimpernell*, which seems thoroughly domesticated here. The *Polygala* family, though not numerous, has several members, the *Polygala polygama* being the most noticeable in the neighborhood of Wauwinet, where the fields are in many

places purple with its blossoms. The *Hypericum* is also well represented; the "common St. John's Wort" flaunts its gay flowers in the summer breeze. The *Elodea*, with its crimson leaves, nestles on the border of the fen, and the tiny stars of the Pine Weed, or *Hypericum Sarothra*, twinkle among their needle-like foliage by the side of the sandy road. The *Hibiscus Moscheutos* is one of the gayest of the autumnal flora, its huge pink flowers being so like the single Hollyhock of years ago that were it not for the difference in the foliage it might easily be mistaken for it.

The common, or moor, between the town of Nantucket and the little hamlet of Polpis is carpeted in places with the evergreen vines of the *Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*, which, laden with their large red berries, are a sight not soon to be forgotten. Less fortunate in my experience with another moorland beauty, the *Hudsonia*, I must rely on fancy to paint the loveliness of the common when gilded with its myriad flowers, as I have never visited the locality during its season of bloom.

To one with a love of flowers, the drive from Nantucket town to Wauwinet, near the head of the harbor, a distance of about nine miles, is a treat. The changing colors of the flowers along the road remind you of the varying hues of the kaleidoscope. Beside the way the *Cassia* and *Baptisia* hold their golden blossoms up to your gaze. The lovely *Rhexia Virginica*, rightly called Meadow Beauty, peers at you from its grassy home, and the *Pontederia* points its cerulean spires toward a heaven not more "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" than its own brilliant flowers. The floral friends of your youth are ranged on either side of your way, and from moor and fen new faces look at you, as if tempting you to a closer acquaintance; but if, under the seductive influence of any siren of the marsh, you conclude to brave the situation and secure the prize, you will find, no matter how dreadful and suggestive the miry pit before you, that VIRGIL did not have the laborious and complicated process of disembarking from the average Nantucket wagon in his mind's eye when he said, "*Facilis est decensus Averni*."

North of the harbor is that portion of the island known by the queer name of

Coskata. It is almost, if not entirely, uninhabited now, save by the denizens of the life-saving station, and here, in this lonely place, springing from the sandy soil, like a true child of the desert and emblem of desolation, is the one hardy representative of the Cactus tribe, which dares defy our northern winter—Opuntia. Whether owing to the proximity of the Gulf Stream, or from other causes, the cold, it is said, is less severe than on the main land. The English Ivy thrives in the town, and I have seldom, if ever,

beheld such a specimen of the Trumpet Creeper as I saw in Nantucket in the summer of 1883; whereas, in this part of York State, with the mountains between us and the angry Atlantic blasts, we rarely find a thrifty plant of this kind. It is difficult to say what exotics might be raised in Nantucket with slight protection, but the beauty and number of the native plants would seem to render the importation of foreign varieties almost unnecessary.

MRS. H. R. LUNEY, *Hoosac, N. Y.*

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA HOME.

Northeast of the city of Los Angeles a barren, arid plain stretched, a few years ago, toward the mountains that bound the valley on the north; the only life upon it the dusty flock of the solitary herder, or the busy ground-squirrel and rabbits, riddling the ashy soil with their burrows. Through the long, dry summers the herders watered their sheep higher and higher up the arroyo, the only water course for ten miles, and that a dry channel half the year. The winter rains that sank into the honeycombed, thirsty soil, soon left no trace of their existence; if they lay in underground reservoirs, sheep raising did not include digging for water. This was the San Pasquale ranch, reputed to be the poorest sheep range in the country, for, at that time, the whole valley, from the Sierra Madre to the sea, was covered with sheep and cattle. In 1873, a "colony" from Indiana purchased a part of this tract, at a small price, and settled down to develop its agricultural resources. Then, for the first time, the land felt the plow. Thirteen years ago—I should like to turn a camera upon the varied scene that presents itself now; it would be much easier than making a pen picture of the varied and wide-spread cultivation that has covered the valley in that short time. The necromancer who has conjured up the new scene is—water, or the man who develops it. From its reservoirs underground, or in the distant mountain where countless springs lie, he leads a little stream, and changes the whole face of nature. Perpetual spring follows his "ditches." Let those who will rave about nature; she is but a stony-hearted,

forbidding, shriveled spinster, until her man-god arrives, then she smiles and dimples on every side.

It is from Pasadena that I am "making these moralities." It is mid-summer, the season when the sheep ranch was deserted, when, not unlikely, the poor beasts were perishing from thirst, and their owners moving on to a more favored spot. Now, on every side, there are broad stretches of green, acres of vines and orchards, dark gleaming stretches of color where Orange trees are grown, paler lines and squares that mark orchards of Apricots and deciduous fruits, bright patches of Corn and Alfalfa lying amid the yellow harvest fields, dotted with numerous stacks of grain. Arenas and groves of tall, dark Eucalyptus trees lead up to prosperous looking homesteads or pretty cottages and villas. These are scattered as far as the eye can reach south toward the sea and east and west for miles along the mountain's foot. The view from the Raymond Hotel, commanding this wide valley, is in some particulars unrivalled in our country, for it stretches at the foot of a lofty, rugged mountain range, half the year snow-capped, and offering at once an unlimited supply of climate and view.

But it was to describe Carmelita that I began this letter. I have swept a large circuit, but at last I have this beautiful spot in focus. This is the home which the energy of Mrs. JEANIE C. CASE has created at Pasadena, in the short space of eight years. A tract of forty acres has in that time been covered with orchards, gardens and buildings. Prob-

ably in no place in the country is there so great a variety of vines, trees and rare plants. On many places much larger sums of money have been spent; there has been small outlay of capital here, but a large expenditure of brains. Thirty acres are given up to vines and citrus fruits, the rest are planted with Apricots, Pears and the other ordinary fruits and with rare ornamental trees and shrubs. The progress which vegetation makes in so short a time is wonderful to every one not familiar with perennial growths. A Mulberry tree raised from seed now covers with its dense, cool shade a radius of thirty feet; its height is not less than this. A row of large, thrifty Fig trees stretches just beyond, full of fruit, and each one a shining crown of verdure. Nothing grows faster than the trees of this family, (*Ficus*,) unless it is the famous Eucalyptus, that spindles up, however, and after the third year is a poor shade tree. Mrs. CASE has experimented with cone-bearers; she has between thirty and forty species now growing, many raised from seed. Several Monterey Pines, natives, and correspondingly tall. All day an invalid sits under the shadow of one of them, breathing balsam-cure. Grouped about the grounds, in avenue or clumps, are not less than one hundred and fifty varieties of forest trees, including these Conifers. Several beautiful Cypresses, natives of this State or foreigners, are most conspicuous and ornamental. Two young Sequoias, Big trees, are pyramids of lovely pale green. These were raised from seed, and are twenty feet high, clean, compact and shedding dust. A Weeping Fir and a Cedar of Lebanon are growing finely grouped up with a Weeping Birch and North American Elm. The Cork Elm has grown well, and there are flourishing young Maples of three species. My readers may not know that the cultivation of deciduous forest trees has been very little attempted in this State. Since some Australian and South American trees are perennially green, and greenness is what is wanted, the nurseries have propagated these, and covered the face of the country with a tiresome sameness of Pepper and Gum-trees.

Mrs. CASE has shown us how many eastern and European species grow finely in spite of summer drought and

winter leaflessness. It has been her study to prove the hospitality of the climate to many things no one else has attempted. She is carrying forward the experiments which they made in the nurseries at Berkeley, when her husband was Professor in the Agricultural College of the University of California. Of the Australian trees, she has fifteen varieties of the Eucalyptus and several Acacias. The pride of the place, next to the big Mulberry tree, is a Cypress hedge covered with Cherokee Roses. Their clean, glossy leaves defy dust to spoil them. In the winter, when in bloom, this hedge must be lovely. From a veranda I can see a vista of well grown trees, beginning with a Magnolia and followed by the Date and Fan Palms, a Norfolk Island Pine, trim, stately and conventional, a Weeping Birch drooping graceful branches about its silvery trunk, and as the avenue turns toward the road, a pair Lawson's Cypress closes it. It must not be forgotten that this is not a gentleman's place sprung into existence at the touch of gold, but, like far-famed Abbotsford, is planted by the hands that have earned it at each step of its way. Nursery stock, some fruit, and the sale of a few acres off the first purchase, have been the support of the remainder.

The pretty out-buildings of this well kept place are hidden in shrubbery. A cottage, half barn, half dwelling, which was occupied before the handsome new house was built, is hidden in vines. Catawba and Delaware Grapes, tangled with Ampelopsis, cover one side. On a corner a great Wistaria is blooming in company with a Potato-Jasmine, then follow Honeysuckle, Lamarque Roses and Ivy. The intrusive branches creep through the weather-boards and fresco the cloth ceiling. Once a year only the pruning-shears get here; for the rest of the time the vines tangle together in good natured competition. A clump of Bamboo waves and rustles about the adjacent chicken houses, hiding all its unsightliness. The stable is half covered with the brilliant green of Pepper trees—is it any longer necessary to translate this name into Chilian Sumach?

About the house a few vines are allowed to climb to the railing of the high veranda, but no further; here the shears must be used twice in a year. Bougain-

villea is one of the most beautiful of these; wreaths of its large, clear purple blossoms swing to the breeze for about six months. Tecoma, scarlet and white, and the scarlet Passion vine clamber on one hand, and the dark blue Clematis and Chili Jessamine, most exquisite of all, on the other. The Passifloras grow so profusely that they are troublesome. I shall not attempt to mention all the smaller plants that adorn the borders the year through. A Banana waves its magnificent leaves in a warm corner, proclaiming, amid the rest, the beauty of unity. Roses abound, but are resting at present. It is a little too far south for the Rose. Her orchards are Mrs. CASE's peculiar pride. Of Grapes she has growing eighty varieties, of Oranges ten, of the Japanese Persimmon there are fifteen varieties in fruit. Some of these fruits are so large that one fills a jelly tumbler. On a sideboard there are displayed a long row of glasses, in each one of which a single fruit covered with syrup is a glassful—Peaches, Figs, Persimmons, Pears and Apricots. I have

forgotten the nut-trees; there are Walnuts, Chestnuts, Pecans and Hickory nuts. The English Walnut is a free bearer, and a most profitable tree.

Let it be remembered this is the work of eight years. Around the ranch the brisk little town of Pasadena flourishes; it is a favorite resort already among the many that offer attractions in Southern California, and as the site of a mammoth hotel, just completed, it bids fair to be widely known.

Perhaps the most delightful thing about Carmelita is the enthusiasm and intelligence of its mistress. To make a progress with her about the place, in the early morning, is like reading a horticultural essay, or better, for the latter is not always piquant, however instructive it may be. But Mrs. CASE is both; she has thought well and studied much about horticulture and many things besides. She quickly infects one with her own ardor, and you leave her convinced that there could be nothing so delightful as a fruit farm in Southern California.

J. G. O.

FRONT YARDS.

Our villages are largely made up of a class of people in moderate circumstances, who own their houses and a small piece of land about them, with the fruit and vegetable garden at the back and a "front yard" next to the street. The appearance of these front yards give character to a town, and a well kept small place is often the nucleus of a general improvement, for many only require an example of what a little care and attention with small outlay of time and money will do toward making a home more attractive, to adopt the improvement in their own places; and when once such an improvement is begun it will seldom be given up, for the love of plants and flowers is one that will grow, and the enjoyment derived from the care and observation of a well arranged and well kept garden, never ceases.

The tastefully arranged and well cared for grounds of a man in moderate circumstances often has a greater influence on those about him than the fine estates of the wealthy, who have the means to hire all the gardeners and assistants necessary.

Their lavish outlay of money has the effect to discourage the neighbors with more limited means, who are made to feel that they cannot make a display even in a limited way with only a considerable expense, so do nothing to improve their places.

The desire for improvement is often made manifest by vain attempts at ornamentation, but a lack of knowledge, and one would almost say common sense in some cases, leads to the most grotesque and fruitless forms of gardening. How often it is we see, in a front yard, exposed to the blazing sun, piles of rocks varying from a circle of rounded cobbles, six inches to two feet high, to an irregular pile of broken rocks, filled in with soil, and dotted here and there with poor, starved and dried up plants. These are called rockeries, but what a contrast between these and the charming little spots found here and there in our woods, where piles of rocks are covered with beautiful patches of green moss and gray Lichen, filled in with graceful Ferns and trailing vines, and dotted here and there with charming woodland flowers—cool and

shady retreats, where many a happy hour may be spent, away from the care and bustle of the world. A marked contrast, it is true, but is it more marked than the contrast between the home grounds of the unskilled or careless, and those of the educated and tasteful plant lovers?

Again, we see in some conspicuous place a plat of land laid out as a garden, with the surface cut in every direction by narrow paths, outlining raised beds of all shapes and sizes, bordered with a narrow and steep bank of grass. Here we have the greatest amount of work crowded into the least of space, and very little that is attractive to show for it, for every extra walk and raised bank is an extra care, and every raised bed is sure to loose most of its moisture by drainage and evaporation, especially in the light, porous soil of many localities, and thrifty plants will not grow in a dried up soil. A bed cut from the surface of the lawn, in a retired and appropriate nook, is far better and more easily cared for and less conspicuous, if from any cause it is neglected.

We see more frequently steep terraced banks, and wonder why people will make them, when a gentle slope would be much more graceful and easily cared for; they are relics of an ancient fashion. People do this now because others have done so before them, and there are not examples enough of an improved arrangement to draw their attention. We see broken and graceless banks in many places where a few hours or a day's time would make a pleasing slope, covered with a mat of green lawn. We see, also, small yards filled with large growing trees, both deciduous and evergreens, planted so thickly as to injure each other, leaving no beauty, cutting off all views, and burying the house in a dense and gloomy shade, where sunlight and air should be free to go.

Now the question will come, how shall I go to work to improve my grounds? Many times only a slight change will work wonders in the appearance of a place, the cutting out of a few trees, the levelling and turning over of broken banks and lawns, with application of good fertilizers and grass seed, the judicious planting of a few new shrubs and trees, the rearrangement of the garden on an improved plan, the purchase and use

of lawn mower and pruning shears, will all or each go to improve a place and make it pleasing for all who see it.

Where an extensive change is to be made, we must first investigate the surface soil, as it is of the greatest importance, for good results cannot be obtained on a poor soil, and the soil cannot be too good.

There should be a foot at least of good soil where a lawn and flowering plants are desired; if such a soil is not there naturally, it should be made. But it is seldom the case on small places that there is not soil enough. If the ground is to be broken for a new house, the good soil from the cellar should be placed where it can be used, not covered up, as it often is, with the gravel below. In old places the walks and drives are often built on a bed of good soil that may be removed and used, and its place taken by stones and gravel, that will make a better road.

When walks and drives are to be located, they should be placed only where they will be required for every day use, and as direct from one place to another as practicable—not necessarily straight, but on graceful sweeps and curves which are so much more pleasing. The ground should be graded in graceful slopes away from the house; the higher it stands the more necessity there is to avoid terraced banks, for they have the effect of making the house appear to stand higher than it does.

If the place is crowded with trees and shrubs, do not hesitate to cut out, but use the greatest care in what is cut, taking only those that have passed their days of usefulness and give no prospect of a renewal of growth. Where a pleasant view is hidden, open it up by cutting such trees as can be spared; don't cut too much for this purpose, for often a glimpse of a pleasant landscape is more suggestive than a broad, open view. Leave such trees as show a tendency to improve. It is not always the smallest and crookedst that should be cut, for they may be the most valuable varieties; a crooked trunk may be covered, if necessary, by planting a tree or shrub near. Give the trees that are to remain plenty of room to grow, for one well shaped and thrifty tree is better than many that are crowded and stunted. Leave an abundance of space for air and

light about the house, having, as a rule, the groups and belts of trees and shrubs on the outskirts, with an open sweep of lawn near the house.

When trees are to be planted in a small place, select small-growing kinds. There is a great variety among evergreens and deciduous trees to select from, and there is no occasion for planting such trees as the Norway Spruce, Norway and Red Maple, Ash, Birch, Elm, &c., in places

where they will not only take all the goodness from the soil, but all the sunlight from the house and grounds.

After a place is in good order keep it so constantly; a little attention every day will be all that is necessary; but if from neglect the weeds are allowed to go to seed, the grass to become high and the plants unshapely, then the work is increased for a long time to come.

WARREN H. MANNING.

THE TUBEROUS-ROOTED CHERVIL.

The Turnip-rooted, or tuberous Chervil, *Chærophyllym bulbosum*, is a vegetable of comparatively recent introduction. Its roots closely resemble a Parsnip in shape, and is of a gray color, the white and mealy flesh tasting something like a Sweet Potato. Now I do not think that it will ever be cultivated for market purposes to any great extent, yet for amateurs, I think, it is a very desirable addition to the limited list of garden vegetables. It is equally as hardy as the Parsnip, and, like it, much improved by the action of frost. It can be cultivated as easily as the Carrot and Parsnip, and, like them, should be grown in a deep, well enriched, light, loamy soil. In the spring, this should be given a heavy dressing of well decayed stable manure, and this should be as deeply and thoroughly incorporated with the soil as possible by means of the plow, and then a thorough harrowing given, so as to level off the ground nicely, when it can be marked off into rows about sixteen inches apart. The seed should be sown thin and covered slightly, and if the ground is at all dry at the time of sowing it should

be well firmed around the seeds. It is advisable to sow early in the spring, in fact, as soon as the ground can be properly prepared, as it is very slow to germinate, especially if the weather becomes hot or dry. After the plants are up and strong enough to handle, they should be thinned out so that they stand about four inches apart, and after this the only care they will require will be to keep them well cultivated and free from weeds until cold weather sets in, when they can be taken up and stored for winter use.

This is best done by placing them in a shallow pit and covering with earth to the depth of eighteen inches, the roots being piled in a conical form, and in this manner covered so as to throw off water. When wanted for use, the pit can be opened and a portion removed inside to the cellar, where they should be packed in sand or sphagnum moss, so as to prevent them from becoming wilted. They will also be considerably improved if placed in ice cold water for a short time before being prepared for the table.

CHAS. E. PARNELL, *Queens, N. Y.*



FOREIGN NOTES.

NEW VARIETIES OF ROSES.

The following notes on the new varieties of Roses, and especially those sent out by the French Rose growers last year, and which were noticed in our pages in January and February last, will be read with interest. They are by T. W. GIRDLESTONE, and first appeared in a late number of the *London Garden*. These varieties have not yet been tested by our own nurserymen and florists. Although amateur flower growers, to whom our pages are especially devoted, cannot possibly have the same degree of interest in new varieties as commercial horticulturists, yet we desire to keep them apprised of such new plants of value as may prove generally serviceable. Hereafter we shall probably be able to lay before our readers the results of testing these varieties in this country.

The batch of new Roses sent from France during the last autumn, says Mr. G., and now in course of distribution in this country, promise, as far as can be seen at present, to prove considerably more interesting than those of the previous year or two. Many of them have been, and are being, well flowered at Messrs. PAUL AND SON'S "Old" Nurseries, Cheshunt, and though, of course, of the three or four dozen novelties annually imported all are not expected to take first rank; still the number of attractive varieties of probable permanent value is much greater than was discoverable last year. Although a gap is made by the fact that M. LACHARME makes no contribution this season, LÉVEQUE swells the total with six seedlings, including Comte de Paris (fourth of the name!), a very fine, erect, deep crimson Hybrid Perpetual, on all hands admitted to be one of the best of the year and a very likely acquisition. Another of this set is unfortunately afflicted with a terribly long name, viz., Madame Edouard de Bonnières de Wierre, but has a good, bright, crimson flower, shaded darker; large, and of distinct form, being imbricated with a very full center; petals large, and the characteristic form maintained

even in the small side blooms. One of the most attractive Hybrid Perpetuals is Levet's Madame Bois, a Rose of the Victor Verdier race, but seemingly freer in growth and more perpetual; its flower is large and of most beautiful shade of pure rose color, almost exactly the tint of Marquise de Castellane, but a trifle more salmony—an addition in a very desirable line of color.

Another acquisition in this section (although classed as a Hybrid Tea, and said to be raised from Baroness Rothschild x Madame Falcot) is Guillot's Madame Joseph Desbois, a full, well formed, nearly white Rose with a flesh tint, more in the way of Lady Mary Fitzwilliam than any other variety, but, as seen under glass, paler in color.

The Tea scented varieties, as has been generally the case in recent years, form a strong contingent, and include varieties from some of the best known raisers. Luciole (Guillot), though larger and fuller than appears in the plate given in the current number of the *Journal des Roses*, hardly looks likely to make an exhibition Rose, but it is a charming addition to the bud Teas; in hue a delicious combination of clear rose, pale cream, and yellow, not unlike Camoens, like which variety also it makes an admirable forcing and pot Rose.

Madame Scipion Cochet (Bernaix) is a promising flower, full and of good size, having large white outer petals and yellow and apricot center, something in the way of Madame Angèle Jacquier; and another seedling, Mdme. Etienne, from the same raiser, is also very pretty, and has a white flower with a pointed, twisted center before fully expanding, the outer petals being shaded and washed with rose. It is, however, impossible to see these shaded Teas in true character under glass early in the year. Madame de Watteville when forced is so different in appearance from the exquisitely tinted flowers developed out of doors, as to be hardly recognizable, and therefore it is not worth while to note further than that Madame Etienne's form and size are such

as will make it worth while to try her color out of doors. There is no doubt, however, about the color of Duchesse de Bragance (Dubreuil), which is a clear yellow, seemingly between Monsieur Furtado and Etoile de Lyon. Both these well known varieties are first-rate when at their best, but the former is delicate in habit, and the latter some growers find difficult to open out of doors; so that a variety that combined their good qualities would be welcome, and Duchesse de Bragance is said to open as freely out of doors as under glass.

An interesting break in the perpetual-flowering hybrids of *R. polyantha* comes Josephine Burland (Bernaix), a variety approaching more to the type of the Teas in flower, while retaining much of the multiflora character in foliage, &c. The flowers are white, of moderate size, solitary, erect, as perfect in form as Madame Bravy, and likely to be a popular bouquet flower. This variety seems an indication that the hope expressed of obtaining a race of hardy light Roses by means of *R. polyantha* is well grounded.

Of last season's novelties, Her Majesty was well to the fore, the magnificent form and finish of the bloom indicating the prospect of a rich harvest to the exhibitor during the coming campaign who may possess cut-back plants, which, by the way, should not be hard pruned. Several plants which had been severely cut back had produced a splendid, but flowerless growth. Lacharme's Hybrid Perpetual Clara Cochet also seems likely to take a permanent position as a greatly improved Catherine Soupert; and the same raiser's polyantha hybrid Max Singer, in this case a climber and not perpetual, promises to be a real addition to climbing red Roses, of which there are at present so few. The seedling resulted from a cross between *R. polyantha* and General Jacqueminot, and produces an abundance of bright red, very well formed flowers.

Of the new Hungarian climbing Roses, which are the outcome of M. GESCHWIND's endeavors to raise a race of Roses that shall be proof against all frosts, Erimung an Brod has deep red flowers which are deliciously fragrant, and may be useful.

The Cheshunt collection of Rose species and variations is now very extensive

and interesting, and among those charming forms that have been flowering freely under glass are the Cistus-like *R. berberifolia* Hardyi, with its single yellow flower and purple center; *R. clinophylla plena*, blush white; Veitch's pretty Rose Button (*lucida fl.-pl.*), in its rosy clusters, Paul's Single Perpetual White, very pure and free, and many others. The success that has already attended the employment of *R. polyantha* as a seed parent in Rose-raising will, it may be hoped, induce hybridizers to persevere in experimenting with these valuable seed-bearing species, so many of which possess attractive and valuable qualities that might well be introduced among our highly-bred and, in many cases, weakly-constituted garden varieties.

TUBEROUS BEGONIAS.

A writer in the London *Garden* minutely describes the processes of increasing the Tuberous Begonia, which are by seeds and cuttings. Seed sowing is recommended in February, and tubers that are to be propagated from, and that have been resting during the winter, should, from the middle to the last of February, "be shaken out of their old soil and repotted in good open compost. Then, if placed in a gentle heat and under conditions favorable to growth, they soon push up shoots which are available for propagating purposes. In removing a shoot required for cuttings, it should not be pulled out at the base, but cut off with a sharp knife above the bottom joint, thus leaving a nucleus from which other shoots will in time be pushed forth and form the future plant. If started thus early in the season there will be ample time to grow the parent plant into a specimen, even after it has yielded a crop of cuttings. Should, however, a few weak shoots be pushed up around the main stems, they may be separated quite close to the tuber, as they will not add to the effectiveness of the plant if allowed to remain. The separated shoots being now ready may be treated in the following manner: Cut them off clean at the bottom with a sharp knife, but it is not at all necessary to leave a joint at the base. Then insert the larger cuttings singly in small pots; the smaller ones may be put around the edge of a pot about four inches in diameter. A soil consisting of loam, leaf-mold and

silver sand, the whole sifted fine, is very good for the reception of the cuttings. If they are kept fairly close, in a temperature of 65° to 75°, they soon root; but precautions will need to be taken against decay, as, from their soft and succulent nature, they are rather liable to damp off if kept too close or the soil is too moist. There is another way of increasing this class of Begonias, which can, however, only be followed in exceptional cases, and that is, some tubers assume a flattened shape, and shoots are borne from several different places on the surface thereof. When this happens, and the shoots are about an inch long, the tuber can with a sharp knife be divided into as many pieces as there are stems, and if then potted they will grow away without any check. With regard to seed, it must be gathered just as the pods commence to open, and kept during the winter in a dry place. The seed may be sown in pots or pans, but whichever is employed must be perfectly clean and thoroughly drained. This done, they can be filled to within a quarter of an inch of the top with a light vegetable soil, consisting of three parts well decayed leaf-mold, quite free from any signs of fungus, and one part loam, with a liberal admixture of silver sand. The compost must be sifted moderately fine, and pressed down perfectly level for the reception of the seeds. After the pots are filled with soil a thorough soaking of water through a very fine rose water-pot should be given, and while the surface is still moist the seed must be sown thereon. The principal thing to guard against, in sowing such minute seed as this, is to take care that it is not sown too thickly, for when on the surface of the soil it is scarcely possible to discern it, and if it has not sufficient space allowed it, many will soon after germination damp off. The seeds will adhere to the moistened surface of the soil and need no covering, except a pane of glass laid over the pot. When sown, a good place for their reception is a shelf in not too dry or exposed a position in the stove, as germination then soon takes place, and directly the young plants make their appearance the glass must be removed. This practice of covering any seed pots that contain very minute seeds with a pane of glass is a beneficial one, as it prevents the surface becoming too

dry, but in one respect great caution is necessary, for the sun must on no account be allowed to shine upon them, as the confined space will become very hot and the young plants be sometimes quite roasted up. A second point to which attention may be specially called is, that after the removal of the glass, cutting winds or draughts of all kinds must be especially guarded against. When the young plants begin to get crowded, or if any signs of decay make their appearance amongst them, they must be pricked off, using for that purpose the same kind of soil as that recommended for sowing the seed. The young plants are very fragile and by no means of rapid growth during their earlier stages, but afterwards they grow much more quickly."

PERENNIAL PHLOX.

A writer in *The Gardeners' Chronicle* objects to the method of propagating Herbaceous Phloxes by division of the roots, and characterizes it as a "clumsy one." He further says: The young shoots now issuing from the old stools make excellent cuttings, and if placed in a slight hot-bed for a fortnight or three weeks, and kept close and shaded, the majority will be rooted by that time, when they must be removed and be gradually hardened off and ultimately potted off singly. I have rooted many thousands thus, and had quite thought that those who grew Phloxes for what they are worth, had quite forsaken the old practice of taking autumn cuttings, since cuttings taken at this time are produced upon the flower-stems, and this generally after the flower-head has been removed. In the case of many varieties, which are late in flowering, the cuttings are not produced till frosts are expected, and then they are of little worth as compared with a fresh vigorous cutting of spring. To have a continuance of these handsome summer and autumn flowers, and at the same time fine panicles of bloom, it is a good plan to strike a few cuttings annually and to discard all stools at four years old. These Phloxes are very gross feeders, and make a great quantity of surface roots, and will by the expiration of the time stated have completely exhausted the soil about them, which is always succeeded by the deterioration of the flower spike itself. They

delight in a well enriched soil, and, like the Chrysanthemum, should never know want of water, and after the first year may be greatly assisted by liquid manure. Taking into consideration their tendency for rooting on and near the surface (they will not do this so much provided the ground below is well dug and heavily manured), I plant them somewhat deeper than I should otherwise do.

OLEA FRAGRANS.

This Olive, remarkable for the delicious fragrance of its blossoms, will strike fairly well from cuttings, but to get up a stock quickly, by far the better plan is to graft them on young vigorous stocks of the common Privet, with which they readily unite and form a lasting union. The stocks are best if established in small pots for the purpose, but if they are not at hand, young, clean plants can be carefully lifted from the open ground and potted. Side grafting is the method usually followed, but it matters little as long as the two portions fit well together. If possible a twig or two should be left on the plant above the graft to maintain a constant circulation of sap till a union takes place. After grafting the plants must be kept in a close frame, either with or without a little heat, till the scions commence to grow, when they should be at once hardened off. The hardy Osmanthus can also be propagated under exactly the same conditions, and using the same stocks as for the Olea. At the same time they will strike from cuttings, but, as in the case of the other, grafted plants make the quicker progress during their earlier stages. Standards of the Osmanthus may be formed by grafting them on tall, stout stems of the Privet. As they require to be kept close till a union is complete, the stocks, if too tall to stand upright in the frame, can be laid down, as this does not affect the progress

of the union in any way, provided they are stood up and watered when necessary.

T., in *The Garden*.

BULBS AFTER FORCING.

Where a good display of bulbous plants, consisting of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi and Jonquils are grown yearly for conservatory decoration, a corresponding display may be obtained at this season of the year in the herbaceous borders, Rose beds, or on the grass, if the bulbs are planted out after being forced into flower or have flowered naturally. How much better it is to utilize the bulbs in this manner than destroy them, as is sometimes done. As soon as the flowers of those grown in pots are withered we cut off the spikes, give the soil a good soaking, and plant out at once. The quantity of good soil in which the bulbs grew while in the pots answers for several years to assist growth when planted out in soil of a poor character. If they are planted on the grass indiscriminately, wherever a vacant spot can be found, a pleasant sight rewards the planter in the course of a few years.

M., in *The Garden*.

A NEVER-FAILING ROSE.

This term may be justly applied to Gloire de Dijon. We grow it against walls and as standards in the open air, and in various positions under glass, and it never fails to bloom freely everywhere at the right time. One plant under glass is very old, and I have cut thousands of blooms of it in past years, and now it flowers as freely as ever. It is the Alpha and Omega of Roses. Its qualities cannot be overpraised, as it grows so freely and blooms so profusely without any particular care. I cannot imagine any garden being without it, and I can advise its universal culture without fear of a mistake being made in growing it.

CAMBRIAN, in *The Garden*.



PLEASANT GOSSIP.

PASQUE FLOWER.

From Forreston, Illinois, have been received specimens of the native *Anemone patens*, from Mrs. H. H. M., with a request, as follows :

Will you kindly tell me, through your MAGAZINE, the name of the flower of which I send sample? I never saw it till we moved here, and it is not very plentiful here, it only grows on the hillsides. The people call it May Flower and Rock Flower. It blooms very early in spring, and the leaves do not appear until the flowers are gone.

It is not strange that this beautiful early spring flower would attract attention. The light bluish-purple flower spreads out at the extremity of an erect stem, about four inches high, the only leaf-like part at this stage of vegetation being a much divided bract, which is thickly clothed with whitish or hoary hairs. The leaves come from the root



ANEMONE PULSATILLA.

after the flowering season is past. Its common name in Europe is Pasque Flower. The plant is found from Illinois westward and northward. It differs in some slight particulars from the species as found in Europe, and, hence, it is considered a variety. It is the source of the drug known as Pulsatilla.

The following, in reference to its history, is from the valuable publication, *Drugs and Medicines of North America*, which is issued quarterly at Cincinnati. "*Anemone patens* (the typical species) is found in Siberia, and was discovered in British America by HOOKER, and included

in his *Flora Boreali-Americana*. For some years the variety (*Nuttalliana*) was not distinguished from the plant collected by HOOKER, and was accordingly called *Anemone patens* in TORREY and GRAY'S *Flora*, and *Pulsatilla patens* in GRAY'S *Genera*. It is only in late years that the plant has been recognized as a distinct variety, and it was named *Anemone patens* var. *Nuttalliana*, by GRAY, in his *Manual*, fifth edition." From the same source we learn that Dr. W. H. MILLER, of St. Paul, Minn., who prepares the drug *Pulsatilla* for the trade, says that the juice of this plant is acrid and very irritating, and that he has had his hands badly blistered by getting the juice on them in the process of pressing the plant. This acrid principle has been found to be very volatile, and passes away in drying the plants; it is known, chemically, as anemonin, and is the active principle of *Pulsatilla*.

This *Anemone* was the chief medicinal plant of the Minnesota tribes of Indians, and it was through them that it was brought to the notice of Dr. MILLER, about the year 1854. Homœopathic physicians make great use of the drug.

NOTES ON THE MAY MAGAZINE.

The illustration, in the May MAGAZINE, page 152, is not quite accurate, resembling much more nearly, I think, *Dicentra cucullaria*.

The *Erythronium* plate is beautiful, but the yellow is not quite bright enough, nor the green of the leaves as deep as in the natural plant.

LENA LESLIE inquires concerning the properties of Bitter-sweet and Alder berries. The Bitter-sweet is well known medicinally by its Latin name, *Dulcamara*, and from its berries the remedy is made. Fowls eat the berries, as they do those of the Green-brier, without suffering any ill consequences. From the bark of the root of Bitter-sweet is made a very healing salve for sores, ulcers, &c.

The true American Holly differs from the Black Alder or Winterberry, which, so far as I can discover, is the only species of *Ilex* which goes by the name of Alder.

I enjoy VICK'S MAGAZINE very much, and find in its pages many wise suggestions. May it and its readers prosper.

I. E. M. H., *Auburn, Ind.*

The illustration mentioned was made on too small a scale to represent well the plant intended, and we hope to have

good specimens of both *Dicentra cucullaria* and *D. Canadensis* from which more accurate drawings can be made on a scale sufficiently large.

The Bitter-sweet referred to by LENA LESLIE in the last sentence of her article, page 141, May MAGAZINE, we understand by the context to be the Climbing Bitter-sweet, *Celastrus scandens*, not *Solanum Dulcamara*. The bark of the root of this plant when administered medicinally is alterative and diuretic, it also has narcotic and stimulating properties. Of the nature of the fruit we are not well informed; but the seeds of the nearly related *Euonymus Europeus*, are reported to be purgative and emetic, and poisonous to sheep. It is not improbable that the seeds of *Celastrus scandens* possess similar properties. Alder berries are cathartic.

A PANSY LETTER.

The following letter, received in April, records an experience with Pansies that can be read with profit by many who cultivate this interesting flower.

The very first thing I want is a package of your Giant Trimardeau Pansy seed. Could you have seen my Pansy bed last spring, you would not wonder at my always asking for Pansy seed. It was the delight of the neighborhood—no envy manifested itself—and admired by all passers by, both old and young, and by all pronounced the handsomest thing they ever saw. We were amused beyond expression when, now and then, an old lady came along, leaned over and gave them a poke with her umbrella, in order to get a better view of them. Many little hearts were made glad by a bouquet being placed in the chubby hand, the sick smiled upon them from their pillows, and bunches of the beautiful white ones lay upon the caskets of household treasures gone. And from friends in Dakota and other places, to whom we sent boxes of them, came the same verdict, "The handsomest I ever saw," and the same query, where did you get your seed, and how did you manage them? In the spring of 1885, I sent to you for a number of packages, among them King of the Blacks, Snowy White and Mottled and Striped. I planted them around the bow-window, fronting the east. Where I planted a portion of them it was too sunny and the ground sandy, consequently they grew very slowly and very stubbed. In July I made a circular bed on the lawn, near the front walk, partially shaded by a large Walnut tree. I removed the sod, filled and enriched the space with pulverized barn manure and leaf-mold; then transplanted my stubby grown Pansies, watered them each evening, and they soon commenced blooming. When the fall rains came we thought they had reached their climax of beauty. We had Pansies until snow came and the ground was frozen, and when we put them to bed for the winter by covering with leaves raked from the lawn and held in place by branches, they were full of buds, and on Christmas day I raised the covering and picked Pansies to

take to the cemetery. About April ninth or tenth, I removed the covering; there they were, all ready to burst into bloom, and their beauty of the fall was as nothing compared with their beauty of the spring. Last year I made two more beds, so now have a triangle of circular beds, but last season was so dry, and not having water-works, which we now have, that my effort was not so richly rewarded, but I shall try again.

MRS. E. A. R., Marion, Iowa.

THE ENGLISH WALNUT.

I ask a correction. In the April number, page 122, you attribute to me the statement that the English Walnut has not fruited in this country. What I have said is that the English Walnut is not hardy in Ohio. I know of no bearing tree in the State. I was aware when I made the statement that there were such trees at Rochester, New York, and Mr. GIBB says that it has even borne at Montreal. My purpose was to warn intending planters against going too heavily or too confidently into growing the tree in hope of profit. I felt then and feel still that such a venture would end in disappointment. Since that time I have learned that Professor BUDD has much hope of the hardiness of some trees the seeds of which he brought from Russia. I trust his hopes will be fully realized, but even in that case time alone can show whether or not any varieties of the English Walnut can be profitably grown in the Eastern States, outside of a few favored spots.

E. N. CLAYPOLE, Akron, Ohio.

It is a pleasure to have the explicit statements here made by Professor CLAYPOLE, and his position in regard to this subject we consider a correct one. We cannot advise too strongly the cultivation of nut trees by those situated so they can do so, but it is with reference merely to the pleasure they may afford the growers, not to any profit there may possibly be connected with it, which is extremely doubtful. As yet there is no evidence that any kind of nut can be raised with much if any profit in the Northern States.

MARCH IN UTAH.

At the date, March 25th, when the April MAGAZINE spoke of ice and snow in New York, trees along the Grand River had begun to leaf, grass was growing, wild flowers blooming, Alfalfa in the pastures six inches high, Apricots done blossoming, and Peaches and Plums all white and pink with blossoms. On the night of March 29th, I passed through a big snow storm on the Marshall Pass, in Colorado, and next morning, at seven, left the Denver and Rio Grande Western Station, in Utah, at seven o'clock, to ride a day in blinding sunshine and heat, to the banks of the Grand River, where all nature seemed like May, so far advanced was vegetation at Moab.

M. M. RICHARDSON, Richardson, Utah.

PARIS FLOWER NOTES.

The flower of fashion for the moment, in this month of February, (everything which enters in the fashion world is momentarily in Paris) is the Eucharis. It is surrounded with white Lilacs with stems or branches, I might say, as if to give the appearance of having been cut in the woods and growing wild. These fascinating nosegays are tied with delicate pink satin ribbon about ten inches wide, forming a graceful bow, but certainly a novel and not a beautiful bouquet, but fascinating by its new and original form. There are five hundred and thirty Parisian florists, each endeavoring to offer some novelty in the shape of an artistic floral creation for the center piece at dinner table, the wedding bouquet, and, above all, the flowers for the fiancée. During the short period of courtship which intervenes from the signing



FANCY FLOWER HOLDER.

of the marriage contract to the wedding day, generally a period of three weeks, every day comes the floral offering, and before it is sent to its destination it graces awhile the shop window to the admiration of those who pass by.

Floral mandolins, guitars, little wooden (*sabots*) shoes, horse shoes, baskets of blue Hyacinths with immense blue satin bow at or on the handle, to show the colors of blue blend and not conflict. Pink and red Hyacinths, with blended tints of pink to red, grace the windows of the Grand Boulevard florists; to-morrow it will be some other flower.

Flowers to the value of three million of francs were sold by the Parisian florists December 24th, and at the large market, not noting the smaller markets, New Year's day, one hundred and fifty thousand dozen Roses from Nice, fifteen thousand Rose plants, ten thousand dozen Camellias, fifteen thousand branches of Lilacs were sold. This report was given me by the President of the Society of Flowers, who is a lady, Madame LION, and equal to the position she fills. How do these figures compare with New York sales?

The French put sentiment into their bouquets, they understand the arrangement and language of flowers. It is a passion with them, not studied, but natural, and the commerce of flowers is greater in Paris than in the whole of Europe besides. Flowers have no seasons here. Mention the fruit, flower or vegetable you desire for a certain occasion, and it is at your disposition for the price agreed upon.

The Greeks called flowers the feast of the sight, the French florists have made

them the feast of the senses. One turns wearily from the exhibition of diamonds, insolent in their size and independent settings, the rubies, sapphires and precious stones exposed at the stores on the Grand Boulevard, recalling, perhaps, their esteem by the ancients, to the flowers in their rustic or gilded basket, seeking there some new tint, some new (*pensée*) thought hidden, perhaps, in the dew-drop, or the delicate bud, the home, the birthplace of poesy.

A floral harp of white Lily-of-the-Valley, the strings of Violets, is suggestive of death, but by its side lies the breast knot of tiny flowers covered with dew-drops speaking friendship's offering, (life,) a language known to every tongue.

There is no home-life here, as we understand it. In six weeks one ceases to expect it, and realizes it was left upon the other side of the Atlantic, and the streets are home to the stranger. Already the little grass plats upon the Champ Elysées have blooming Pansies, later will be (*paquerettes*) the Easter Daisies, still later, perhaps, as last year, leaves and flowers arranged to look as the field wild flowers. The Fête of the Rose, or battle of flowers, at the Tuilleries Garden, will soon be celebrated, time flies so rapidly; then the exposition of Roses. I hope to tell you of the new ones, giving a passing memory to the old beauties we love so well.

Twice a week there is the flower show at the Madeleine. I noticed, last week, every bouquet of Camellias contained just six, why not have put five or seven, and at every stall the same number. I counted the Roses in their paper envelopes, for bouquet papers are not much used, and each contained the same number of Roses.

The wicker or rustic baskets of Tulips were sold for a few francs, because not a favorite flower. Hyacinths and Violets sold rapidly; the Turkish Violet is much esteemed.

A little cart, as shown in the sketch herewith sent, is the newest floral decoration. It is made of straw, and is filled with flowers, according to the taste of the purchaser. Ribbons with the name of the florist in small gilt letters hidden in the loop of the bow, decorate the little cart.

ADA LOFTUS.

NEW VARIETIES OF GRAPES.

Mr. JOHN BURR, of Leavenworth, Kansas, the originator of the Early Victor Grape, which has now seen before the public four or five years, has supplied our occasional correspondent, SAMUEL MILLER, with descriptions of his new and worthy varieties of Grapes, which have been published in *Colman's Rural World*. There are nineteen of these varieties, all of which have been distinguished by numbers; seven of the number have received names, and probably all will in time. The named varieties are thus described:

Early Victor. Bunch medium, often shouldered, compact; berries medium, black with a bloom; flesh tender, juicy, vinous, sprightly, sweet; quality very good; vine vigorous, hardy, healthy, very productive; season very early, two weeks before Concord; valuable for table or wine.

Jewell. Bunch medium, often shouldered, compact; berry medium, black, with a heavy fine bloom, handsome; skin thin, tough; pulp tender, rich, spicy, sprightly, sweet to the center; seeds few, very small; quality best, pure and equal to the Delaware; vine vigorous, hardy, healthy, very productive; never known to rot or mildew; season a week before Victor, and of a decidedly better quality; will hang on the vines long after ripe without wilting; a seedling of the Delaware.

Standard (No. 2.) Bunch large, shouldered, rather compact; berry large with a fine bloom; pulp tender, juicy, vinous, sprightly, sweet, of the best quality; will keep a long time after ripe without wilting; vine very vigorous, hardy, healthy, very productive, free from rot or mildew; season about with Concord; a very valuable table or wine Grape; makes a very choice light straw-colored wine of high character; a seedling from the Delaware.

Daisy. Bunch medium; berry medium, oval, red; pulp tender, rich, spicy, with a fine delicate flavor; quality very good; vine strong, healthy and pretty; hardy, more so than Goethe, of which it is a seedling; ripens soon after the Concord.

Burr's Prize (No. 7.) Bunch medium; berry medium, oval, color red; pulp tender, rich, and of superior quality;

vine very vigorous, healthy, and about as hardy as Daisy, and of the same origin.

Ideal. A seedling of Delaware, the same color, but three times its size; bunch large, shouldered, compact; pulp very tender, melting, juicy, sprightly, sweet and delicious; quality very best, and berry as large as Catawba; vine vigorous, hardy, healthy, and very productive, free from rot or mildew; season about with the Delaware.

Progress (No. 15). Bunch medium to large, quite compact; berry large, black with a bloom; pulp tender, juicy, rich, spicy, vinous, of the best quality; vine very vigorous, hardy, healthy and very productive; season a little later than the Concord. A very promising market Grape of high quality.

The Jewel will be offered for sale next fall.

THE SPRING EXHIBITION.

It was a happy thought of enthusiastic flower-growers to combine a floral display with the wax exhibits at the Eden Musée. The rooms are commodious, well lighted, and there are grand opportunities for arranging flowers so that all stiffness is avoided. Following closely upon the Orchid exhibit, which so recently delighted the public, came the spring exhibition of the New York Horticultural Society, commencing April 26th, and lasting five days. Outside, the air was cold and rainy, typical April weather, but within, what a feast of beauty in bloom and greenery, as though, by the touch of some magic wand, the luxuriance of tropical lands had appeared.

Following the directions given in the catalogue, namely, "to keep to the left," the first object to attract attention was a floral design placed directly in front of the monarchs of the world—a fitting position, for the piece was faultless. It consisted of a table, probably four feet square, with a cover made of the darkest shades of purple Pansies, and even the folds, where the cover hung over the corners of the table, were perfectly represented. About eight inches from the lower edge of the cover was a broad band of white Pansies mingled with those that were slightly tinged with purple. Sprays of Roses on each corner reached nearly to the center of the table. Two of the sprays were composed of Mermet

Roses with Moss buds and foliage, and the two opposite of *Perle des Jardin* Roses and buds. A floral vase, eighteen inches high, stood in the center of the table, and was filled with a superb bouquet of Roses loosely mingled with a few white Lilacs and Maidenhair Ferns. The face of the vase was formed of *Mignonette*, the back of white Pansies, the base of English Violets, the handles of *Bon Silene* buds, and it rested in a mat of *Lily of the Valley*, white *Passiflora* and *Jasmine* blossoms. This design was furnished by Mr. LE MOULT, and was awarded the Spaulding cup, a prize of solid silver, valued at \$185, and presented by the President of the Society.

Another beautiful piece was a floral bank for mantel and fire-place, large enough to entirely conceal them, it stood like an immense screen, but without such effect. Callas, Roses of all delightful colors, crimson Carnations and purple Lilacs, with delicate Ferns, were grouped and festooned on a bark-like background, as though the flowers were growing from little clefts or niches on the surface.

In the passage leading into the winter garden were some grand specimens of *Gloxinias*, exhibited by WM. FALCONER, from Mr. DANA'S place, and in this collection was also a vase containing some cut blooms of *Primula denticulata*, of a beautiful lavender color. Just inside the winter garden ten specimens of *Cattleya citrina* hung by their blocks over a collection of Orchid cut blooms. This *Cattleya* is of a beautiful lemon color, the petals waxy and the blossoms of good size and rather close form, different from most Orchids. An attractive shrub with thick, glossy, dark green foliage, and semi-double, Camellia-like flowers, bore the name of *Rogiera gratissima*.

Among foliage plants *Curculigo recurvata variegata* was an attractive plant, and two *Dracænas*, *D. splendens* and *D. amabilis*, were well worth a place of honor.

A collection of plants from Mr. MANDA, of the Cambridge Botanic Gardens, included some fine specimens of *Iris Siberica*, *Stromathe sanguinea*, *Trillium grandiflorum*, *Kalmia latifolia* and *Arpophyllum giganteum* with its peculiar spikes of deep magenta flowers, *Cattleya citrina* and *Lycaste Skinneri*.

Among other fine Orchids were *Cypri-*

pedium *Harrisianum*, *Dendrobium infundibulum*, *D. superbiens*, *Cypripedium euryandrum*, which is a hybrid of *C. barbatum* and *C. Stonei*, and *C. Boralii*, from Mr. PITCHER's collection: *Chysis bractescens*, *Cattleya Mossiæ*, from Mr. LOCKWOOD, Connecticut, and *Odontoglossum Rossii*, *O. cordatum*, *O. Pescatorea* and *Dendrobium thrysiflorum*, from Mr. WILSON, of Astoria, N. Y.

Among the cut flowers, a cluster of *Cattleya citrina* arranged with an *Anthurium* in the center, attracted considerable attention by the peculiar blossoms of lemon yellow and of scarlet.

The cut Roses were excellent. Some *Bon Silenes* measured three inches in diameter. *M. Capucine* and *Comtesse de Frigneuse* were fine, and a new Rose bore the name of Mrs. John Laing. Her Majesty made a fair appearance, and did her namesake honor.

The chief attraction on one day, at least, was the "Jersey Lily," who joined the committee of experts to judge the floral designs. She was so delighted with the floral display that she had decided to offer a silver cup worth \$250 as the first prize at the Society's exhibition, next autumn.

S. FRASER.

ROSES IN BULGARIA.

Bulgaria, the little country in Europe, which we hear so much about of late, is a veritable Rose garden in itself. In no part of the world has the cultivation of the Rose come so near perfection as in this small State, and although the soil and atmosphere of the country has much to do with the success of the work, the native inhabitants have made such a long and careful study of the plant and its needs that they have created wonders out of their fields of blooming Roses. As is well known, the flowers are grown there for the purpose of extracting the precious aroma known as "Otto of Rose," but this circumstance does not detract in the least from the appearance of the Roses. The bushes require considerable care and attention, and they are seldom allowed to attain a height of over six feet. Grafting the Rose is carried on scientifically, and scions are used of such a thickness that when they are fitted they may equal the stock in diameter. The scion is cut on both sides, so as to form an elongated wedge, which is fitted to

the stock in such a manner that the bark of one will correspond with that of the other. A ligature is afterwards applied, of fine Bass (matting), made water proof by pressing it first through a solution of white soap, and next through one of alum. The ligature is finally covered with a coat of marly clay, and moistened with white of egg beat up with four or five parts of water. This latter material is applied with a hair pencil.

In budding the Rose in the spring, the buds are extracted with a small portion of wood adhering to them. For this purpose scions are cut before the buds begin to swell, and kept until the moment when, in spring, the bark of the stock begins to slip. The buds are prepared almost the same as in this country. A transverse cut is first made into the wood a little below an eye, which incision is met by a longer cut downwards, commencing a short distance above the eye, care being taken that a portion of the wood is removed with the bark. The bark of the stock is previously cut like an inverted T, into which the bud is inserted, the horizontal edges of the cuts in the stock and bud coming into close contact with each other, and there bound with water-proof Bass. The stock is pruned down to the branch which is immediately above the bud, on the opposite side, about eight days after the insertion of the bud. This branch is also cut down to two or three eyes, and the side shoots destroyed. By pinching the extremity of the bud when it has pushed its fifth leaf, it is induced to branch. The shoots from these buds often bear flowers in the same year. In August and September there is another budding season.

It is generally considered preferable to graft and bud the plants but a short distance above ground, because the union is considered more certain, and the plant keeps the earth about it moist by its own shadow. Besides, it often happens in bending down the stem of high plants to pick the Roses, the stem is injured. At the pruning season, the branches of the budded plants, and also those that have not been budded, are often cut back to about nine inches in length, thus obtaining a great deal of young wood and bushy plants, as well as a great number of flowers.

In the great Rose gardens, where the flowers are raised for manufacturing the "Otto of Rose," the bushes are seldom grafted or budded. The roots forming the bushes of a young Rose garden are taken from the old bushes and carefully buried with plenty of manure, where they send up young shoots. These reach their full growth in about five years, and for fifteen years will yield large crops of Roses. When an old bed begins to fail, the bushes are cut away and new shoots allowed to spring up, or the whole field plowed up and roots from another bed set out in their place. A successful rose-grower keeps several Rose gardens at all times in different stages of development, so that when one garden begins to be unproductive another one is about ready to come in. The Roses blossom in the latter part of May, when all the neighborhood is employed in picking them and getting them to the distillery.

In addition to the great industry of extracting the precious aroma from the Roses, the inhabitants of Bulgaria make quite a business of exporting Rose slips and roots to different countries. The facility with which the Roses grow in the fertile valleys of that country makes it a profitable business to raise the bushes for market. The cuttings for buds are sent hundreds of miles, packed in long grass and surrounded with straw disposed longitudinally. But the particular Rose, from which the Otto of Rose is made, the *Rosa moschata*, cannot be grown with much success in any other part of Europe. Attempts have been made frequently to cultivate it in the south of France, but all such experiments have proved a failure. The slips and roots of the bushes are sent to different parts of Europe, where the Rose is grown in some of the principal public gardens. The aroma is so sweet that it will scent up the whole room if kept in doors, and will even impregnate the outside atmosphere of a garden with its penetrating odor.

The information contained above was obtained mainly through a gentleman recently returned from Bulgaria, who is an accurate and close observer.

GEORGE E. WALSH, *New York, N. Y.*

LIGHT FOR ALL.—We hope to receive for publication useful hints and experiences from all of our readers.

GARDEN PLANTS AT SALT LAKE.

E. J. C., of Salt Lake City, Utah, writes that she has tried three plants each of *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora* and *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, two each of White Fringe, Purple Fringe, *Hyacinthus candidans* and *Althea* or Rose of Sharon, and one each of *Deutzia*, *Akebia* and *Rivina humilis*, without getting one of them to grow, and wants to know if "Utah Territory is a good place" for them. We cannot answer this question; it certainly has not been a good place for the individual plants named. Perhaps some of our other readers in Utah may give some information about the varieties named. As E. J. C. mentions the *Syringa* and the Double *Spiræa* as doing well, it seems probable that other shrubs that thrive under similar conditions, as do those that are named above, will flourish there when once properly started.

GOLDEN CANDLESTICK LILY, &c.

In answer to the questions of Mrs. C. A. P., in the May number of the *MAGAZINE*, I will say, first, that *Lilium umbellatum grandiflorum* is sometimes called the Golden Candlestick Lily, and, secondly, *MAITRE & COOK*, florists, of New Orleans, La., advertise bulbs of *Imantophyllum*. From them they can be obtained more easily than by sending to Europe. *Mrs. E. S., Oregon City, Oregon.*

PLANTS NOT BLOOMING.

Perhaps Mrs. G. D., who inquires, in the April number, about her plants not blooming, will find scale bugs on the Flowering Maple. I did on mine; the buds fell off and the leaves turned yellow. I had a Primrose, and it did just as hers until I set it out of the sun, and it has bloomed nicely ever since. Petunias will not bloom without the sun.

Mrs. G. W. T.

FUCHSIAS.

I would be very much obliged to M. R. W. to let me know, through the *MAGAZINE*, just what kind of soil to use for Fuchsias, what kind of place suits them, a thick or partial shade, and, also, what to use as a stimulant. I have just such a result with them as M. R. W., and, I think, there is no prettier flower that grows.

Mrs. G. W. T.

A PERFECT DAY.

A light lies on the hills, the far off hills,
A thousand rays flash from the shining rills,
And sunbeams fall in every vale—
No clouds to-day, no misty veil,
But light, glad sunlight everywhere.

The bright-hued flowers, full of sweet surprise,
Awake and greet me with their laughing eyes;
The woodpaths show, 'twixt banks of green,
Where feet have pressed the sods between;
And zephyrs softly pass o'er all.

The leaf-crowned trees are filled with life and song;
The Clover seas invite a busy throng
Of laden bees to share their bloom,
And freight the air with sweet perfume
That wins me to the out-door world.

O, royal day, for mead and woodland plumed!
Thy genial sunbeams reach the dells perfumed
With Ferny fronds, and Mint that grows
In spray-damp soil, yet scarcely shows
Its toothsome green to careless eyes.

Oh, perfect summer day! thy golden hours
Too soon shall wane and pass, for wish of ours.
Oh, were all days like this, like thee!
Hush, heart, I'll take just as they be
Days light or dark, since I have this.

MRS. M. J. SMITH.

FLORAL GOSSIP.

That class of Roses which we used to see in many old gardens, before the present rage for Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas set in, is being neglected; but the time may come when it will recover its old and well deserved popularity. It includes three of the best for general cultivation, and those three are, George the Fourth, Madame Plantier and Persian Yellow.

George the Fourth is a very thrifty grower. It sends up a great many shoots from the roots each season, and if these are laid down and a little straw thrown over them, they will come through any winter alive to the tips. In June and July the branches will be so heavily laden with flowers as to bend almost to the ground. The flowers are very double, borne in clusters of from six to ten, and they are a very dark, rich crimson, and delightfully fragrant. They resemble the Tea, Duchess of Edinburgh, very much, and are quite as fine in all ways, with one exception, they do not bloom all summer, as the Duchess will. I am sorry to see real merit crowded out in the rage for new things, and so I speak a good word for this old Rose, knowing, however, that soon or late it will come to the front again, and fill the place it is entitled to.

Madame Plantier is equally as good in its way. It is a most prolific bloomer, bearing its rather small and very double flowers in large clusters, which give them a striking resemblance to a bouquet arranged by a florist with an eye for the beautiful and a sense of the fitness of things. It is quite hardy, but not enough so as to make it advisable to let it go without protection. I always lay the branches down and cover them with straw, or throw earth on them. This does not involve much work, and the result is that the bushes come out in spring in excellent condition, while if this precaution were neglected, the ends of them would quite likely be killed. The flowers are a pure white and are very beautiful. For cemetery use it is the best of all Roses, if one's taste inclines him to exclude all but white flowers from the homes of the dead.

Persian Yellow is what might be called an iron-clad variety. I have known it to be left without the least protection during the last two or three hard winters, its branches exposed to the bitter wind and the terrible cold, without so much as a shrub of any sort near it to give it the benefit of its companionship in helping to break the force of the fierce storms which have chilled the life out of so many of our plants which we had supposed hardy enough to stand any winter, and it would come out in spring without losing a bud. It would be alive to the tips of its long, stout branches. Still, I would not advise any one to oblige it to go without shelter simply because it is strong enough to stand the winter unprotected. No matter how hardy a plant is, our terrible winters will exhaust its vitality if left without some sort of protection, and though it comes out alive it is weakened so much that it fails to give as good a crop of flowers as it would if we had made its life a little easier during the long months of cold weather. It takes but a little time to throw a wrapping of straw about a plant, or to cover the branches with earth. If straw is not at hand, and you can get evergreen boughs, use them, they are better than the straw would be. Leaves are excellent. Almost anything is better than litter from the barnyard, for that often sets the mice to work about a plant, and they generally injure the plant after they have gone over the litter and eaten

up what they find in it to suit their tastes. And, too, it always scatters seeds which come up next spring in the shape of weeds, and they have to be pulled up, and this is something which most of us do not like to do if we can help it, and, as a general thing, we do help it by letting them grow. This Rose is a very rich shade of yellow, with occasional stripes of crimson running through the petals. It is a most profuse bloomer, the branches are always thickly set with flowers, and they so completely cover the entire plant that it seems a mass of gold. Very often persons who are passing by stop to ask us "what kind of a Rose is that," saying that they never saw so fine a yellow flowering plant before. A good specimen will light up the yard like a burst of most brilliant sunshine when in bloom. It grows to a height of six feet when well taken care of.

I give all three Roses the same treatment, which consists in keeping the ground about them free from weeds and grass, and in feeding the roots with well-rotted manure from the barnyard or the chip pile. Roses are gross feeders if they have a chance to be, and if you want to grow them well, you must give them all they want to eat. Fine as the new Roses are, they are really no finer in several respects than these old kinds are, and on some accounts these old kinds are much preferable to the new ones. In order to get fine flowers from the best new varieties, one must give them special culture, and not every one is able to do that, and unless it is done they often fail to give us good flowers, and these poor blooms will be few and far between. Because the varieties I have spoken of can be so easily cared for, and will give, with only ordinary treatment, such liberal returns in the shape of flowers, they will be sure to make friends for themselves wherever they are cultivated.

While talking about Roses, I want to tell you about my Rose hedge. We have had several clumps of white and yellow Scotch Roses for some years, and two years ago it became necessary to remove them. On taking them up we found that a great many plants could be made by dividing the roots, and as the place where we intended to set out a few of them was between the flower and vegetable gardens, where a sort of hedge would be

useful in hiding the Beets and Cabbages from the street—not because they were Beets and Cabbages, mind you, for we are never ashamed of having such useful things seen, but because they do not harmonize well with flowers—the idea occurred to us to set the Rose plants in a row, the white and yellow alternating, and we did so. The result, this year, was very satisfactory. The bushes have grown until they form a rounded, compact hedge, about two feet high and the same in width, their branches reaching to the ground, as is characteristic of this class, and all through the season of summer Roses they were covered with flowers, which, if not very large or double, were very fragrant, and seemed better adapted to the use we put them to than larger ones would have been. We were greatly pleased with our Rose hedge. *

PLANT QUERIES.

The leaves of my young Rose plants drop off, then come out fresh again, and after a little time drop again. What is the cause?

Will you also tell me what makes the leaves dry and drop from the *Begonia rubra*; also, if they do best in sun or shade?

Why do leaves turn black and drop from *Heliotropes*?

In your FLORAL GUIDE, it says turn Primroses out in border for summer, and divide for winter following. Does this mean turn them out of the pots, and how must I divide them? There seems to be but one root.

MRS. H. B., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The leaves of the plants mentioned discolor and fall off because the atmosphere where they are kept is impure from some cause, probably gas, and perhaps it is, also, too dry.

Old plants of Primroses can often be divided near the crown, and then, these parts, if potted and placed in a hot-bed or propagating house, will root, making new plants. This method is sometimes pursued in increasing plants of double varieties. Without facilities for bottom heat but a small proportion of the divided parts will strike root, hence, many persons cannot practice it.

To turn plants out into the border means to take them out of their pots and plant in the open ground.

A CLUSTER OF ARBUTUS BUDS.

Sleep, little buds, in your mossy nest,

Till the soft spring rains with warmth are rife;

I know the length of your winter rest

Will tinge your petals with beauteous life.

LILLA N. CUSHMAN, *Ansonia, Conn.*

OVERSTATEMENTS.

Naturally, I am a peaceable person; indeed, have been accused of wanting temper enough for self respect, of being too placid for my own good, and other pleasing accusations people are ready to make of other people who don't dance to their particular time. But if any thing would rouse a desire to throw stones, shy sticks, or absolutely seize a pole and turn upon the offenders and drive them out of the garden, past return, it is the evil of overstatement in the profits of small cultures. It does infinite mischief to a class of persons whose interests it is for the good of society carefully to respect, namely, those with little or no capital but their industry, and less experience. It is pitiable to see families on the verge of breaking down in health and hopes, half sick in the repeated failures in business, seize at the hopes held out by some delusive newspaper paragraphs, and venture their little all in small farming, poultry raising with incubators, greenhouse work, or—I hope you will think this sincere—fruit preserving, expecting an immediate success. Everything is so sure and easy in print, the profits on a hundred hens being so and so, and fancy fowl selling at \$10 a trio, there must be immediate fortune in keeping a thousand. Or a florist who has given a lifetime of hardest work to his calling, makes \$1,000 profit on winter Roses in one week about holidays, in New York, wherefore every lean-to plant closet is to do the same in amateur hands. Or one woman, with skill and money and large acquaintance near the city, makes an income selling preserves, and sensational writers of large imagination and no conscience, write pleasing fiction of a housekeeper who discovers the priceless art of diluting Strawberry, Peach and Pineapple with Rhubarb or green Currant juice, so as to treble her resources and forthwith rushes into a full business, with immediate demand for all she can make. It is a pity to spoil such a delusion, which reads so charmingly, for the first grocer she goes to at once orders the syrups and preserves she can put up, and sends down a load of glass cans made to order, with the name blown in the glass, but, we are sorry to add, so concave that a quart bottle holds little over three half pints, which may suit the producer, but it is not a high idea of fem-

inine business morality. The first season, this precious woman refurnishes her parlor, buys a cabinet organ, and goes to the seaside on the profits of fruit preserving. The next, she pays for the homestead and sends her boy to college, on the proceeds of short pints and quarts of Rhubarb juice, with a European war in prospect. And the worst is, there are women inexperienced and foolish enough to believe this stuff, which would require something more than its author's affidavit to make any person of sense regard it for a moment, and is better for the manufacturers of fruit cans than any body else.

Or a reporter who likes to make a good story, even at his or her own expense, writes so absurd a story as crept into the steady old *Mail and Express*, which has taken only lately to such vagaries. Apropos of the carpet gardening at Hollywood Park, Long Branch, where four beds, 25x200 feet, contain 2,000,000 Echeverias, which is far enough out of the way. But when the enterprising mind goes on to say that to plant these beds requires 4,000 days labor, as 500 is all even an experienced gardener can set in a day, and the design, labor to care for them and lifting them as winter approaches is estimated to cost in all \$150,000 annually, it is a good place to stop and laugh. Even Park Commissioners, let alone private magnates are not spending \$150,000 on Echeveria beds, or anything like that sum. In the language of the press-room, somebody has been stuffing that scribe. I regret to say there are too many writing women whose ambition forms itself on the model of a leading correspondent at one time, who said her business was to make a good story, and if the facts did not correspond with the story, so much the worse for the facts. So much the worse for the writer, too, who is sure to sink in public esteem in a short time. When the writer in the *Mail and Express* says that an Orchid wedding bunch is not made up for less than \$50, and drawing-rooms are decorated from \$500 up, she simply doubles prices at which New York florists are glad to furnish flowers, and damages business. The cheaper flowers are, within a certain limit, the more people buy them, and buy at a profit to the grower. What merchant would thank a reporter for mentioning his goods at

double their selling prices? The interesting French story, widely copied in our papers, of a poultry farm kept by a lady, near Paris, which yielded fabulous returns, and was kept in the most ambitious scale, was lately inquired into by admiring English readers, and the author confessed the whole thing a fabrication. There never was such a farm or lady, although illustrations of her wire nettings and beautiful poultry houses accompanied the sketch. The whole thing was drawn from fancy. I saw, lately, an elaborate poultry establishment, with incubator, steam boiler, etc., which had been fitted up several years, and but just began to pay a profit.

When frauds in journalism are subject to the same penalty as other frauds, it will be a wholesome thing for newspapers and society both. As an old journalist, I protest against this corrupt and mischievous sort of work, which is entirely beneath a writer or reader of good mind. There is profit in all forms of peticulture, bees, poultry, gardening and fruit preserving, but not by any easy road, or shorter one than that of close care and hard work. And success of any kind without these is not worth having. Overstatement makes the real modest profit and comfort common in these callings undervalued and despised. People neglect the care that would bring in little profits, while their eyes are fixed on large ones, and so lose both. The man or woman who expects to work into a successful business, in which he has little experience, in one short year, is foolish or worse. And while on this topic, let me suggest to the florists who would inspire the public with any confidence, not to put such very large Pansies and Fuchsias into next year's catalogues. I am sorry to see some good growers yielding to the

temptations of the chromo people who, of course, want to sell astonishing plates. We do not find such flowers in nature, and we should not want them if we did.

SUSAN POWER.

DESTROYING THE SPARROWS.

At a late meeting of the Missouri Horticultural Society, Secretary HOLSINGER advanced an idea which seemed to be approved of. He said that the sparrows congregated in the cities and towns in winter and acted as scavengers, picking up much of their living in the streets. If there could be a law under which poisoned corn meal or other food could be scattered in the streets for them to feed upon they could be killed by the thousands. Undoubtedly this is a feasible method of destroying the sparrows, and all that is needed now is, first, a practical agreement, which has not yet occurred, that these birds shall be destroyed, and then the proper persons selected and arrangements made to carry out the decision. How shall it be done?

POMEGRANATE IN WINTER.

Can I keep the Pomegranate out of doors through the winter? G. J. K., JR., *Saline Mines, Ill.*

The Pomegranate cannot be wintered outside at the North. When cold weather approaches in the fall, lift the plant and place it in soil on the cellar bottom. It will remain dormant until taken out in spring, and does not need water, at least not more than enough to maintain a little moisture in the soil.

OILED SEED CORN.

Western farmers have learned that if they apply petroleum to their seed Corn it prevents its disturbance by birds and squirrels, and does not injure the Corn or retard its germination.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BERTHA'S VICTORIES.

Bertha Hale, attired for a journey, and about to say "good bye" to her mother, suddenly broke out :

"If I only had good looks as a passport to favor at first sight, I think I could manage the rest ; but it is hard to feel that even my scholars must be adversely impressed at first, and if the boys are as belligerent as Uncle Hale intimates in his letter, I shall miss the magic charm of a winning face in subduing them."

"But, daughter, the characteristics necessary to the control of insubordinate boys do not always go with a pretty face. I, who know you so well, feel sure that your traits, added to your cheery temperament, will win you friends wherever you choose to make them. So keep in good heart, dear, and write to us often." Thus mother and daughter parted.

The sun was still an hour above the horizon when Bertha left the train, a hundred miles from home, where her Uncle was in waiting to receive her. During the drive to his residence, they passed the school building where she was to teach, and she noted how the light gothic finish of its fronting gable end relieved the structure of that box-like appearance which makes some country school houses so unattractive. The tall, drooping Elms in front, and the grove of stalwart trees at the back, gave promise of ample shade and pleasant rambles. But there was no yard enclosed for the coveted flower-beds and borders she had resolved to have, so she consoled herself with visions of window plants instead.

Her Aunt's reception was not cordial, but Bertha had heard her accredited with much asperity of speech and manner, and had made up her mind to accept her share of unpleasantness from that source without mental perturbation. Her Uncle was genial enough, she thought, to make amends.

After tea, Edgar, her twelve year old cousin, followed her to a seat on the front piazza, and immediately inquired, with a

bob of his head in-doorward, if she liked that woman in there.

"Whom do you mean?" asked Bertha, "your mother?"

"*She's* no mother of mine—my mother's dead."

"Sh, don't speak so bluntly, please, say, softly, 'My mother is not living.' It sounds less harsh. But you can certainly call this woman 'mamma,' or 'ma,' if only out of respect to your father."

"No, I can't. *She's* cross, and I don't like her and she don't like me ; and Tom, he won't stay at home at all."

"But remember, she's your father's lawful wife, and you can't change her relation to you, no matter what you call her. *She is* your mamma all the same, according to law. And she is just as much my aunt as your own mother was, and besides——"

"I don't believe it!"

"O, yes, she is ; and there's your cunning little baby sister, Grace—sweet as she can be—you ought to like her mother for her sake. You could easily make Auntie like you, if you would, and then everything would be pleasanter."

At that moment voices came floating through an open window near by, and Bertha's loyalty to her Aunt was put to the test by hearing her say :

"Your niece isn't hurt with good looks, I notice. How much are you going to charge her for board? She seems to have a fine appetite."

"I thought we would make no charge for this term, at least. She shows so much cheerful ambition to help herself since her father's terrible losses, that I feel like helping her on what I can."

"That's just like you—always helping somebody at the expense of the family. She couldn't get any kind of room and board in the city for less than five dollars a week."

"I suppose not ; but boarding houses, you know, must realize enough profit on their boarders to cover the wear and tear of house and table furnishings, to

pay rent (or taxes and insurance, as the case may be), besides supporting the family and paying the wages of domestics, and have still a surplus to lay by, as other people expect to have who give all their time and interest to any vocation whatever. It seems to me to be wrong for people like ourselves, who have an established business, yielding its regular income, to try to make a little money off of a young girl teacher, whose——."

But here Bertha fled in dismay from further hearing. She had been so transfixed at first by her Aunt's words as hardly to realize that she was listening to conversation not intended for her ears. In her own room a few bitter tears were shed, as she assured herself that her Aunt should certainly get the five dollars per week whether her Uncle willed it or not. With this resolution she quite threw off the annoyance of it all—pitying her Uncle too much to care for herself.

As for Edgar, he had hurried to tell Mrs. Hale, with much satisfaction, that Bertha heard what she had said about her.

Upon opening her school-desk, Monday morning (after the bell-tap had brought silence), Bertha found a large caricature of herself, taken with her bonnet on, as she had appeared at church the day before. She was struck by the genuine likeness, despite the exaggeration of her facial defects.

"Here is something very interesting," said she, as she held it up before the school, and taking her mucilage brush, she added, "I will gum it to the wall here, so that all may study it. Ugly as it is, it is certainly a distinct likeness of myself—perhaps a little too much so," she added, smiling and biting her lip to keep from laughing outright at the comical faces before her—so expressive of amusement and astonishment at this unique opening of a school.

"My Uncle," she continued, "is to visit us this afternoon, and he will enjoy the sketch as much as the rest of us."

"No, he wont," shouted Edgar, "he'll be mad."

"O, no," answered the shrewd young teacher, "he's too wise for that. Only silly people get angry at a joke. Now, I'll explain why I am really interested in this drawing. Its execution shows real talent, and when I come to know the artist, I

shall take the greatest pleasure in giving him special instructions in drawing. There is a wide field open, now-a-days, for one with such a gift."

Thus Bertha disarmed one of her plotters of mischief at the outset, and made a favorable impression on others. But lo! when she returned in the afternoon, only a dirty patch on the wall showed where the sketch had been sponged off. So her Uncle missed the treat as represented to him during the dinner chat, and the school missed the remarks he had promised Bertha to make on the evident talent displayed in the drawing. The table discussion of the caricature led Bertha to say (for her Aunt's benefit), that it was as natural that plain faces should attract notice and excite comment as that the pretty ones should—that the world is made up of contrasts, and that we should not know how pretty the pretty faces really are were it not for the homely ones.

Edgar, having stopped eating in his amazement at Bertha's candid way of talking, now resumed operations, with the remark:

"Cousin Bertha, I think you're just bully," and thereupon was mildly rebuked by his father for his indiscriminate use of adjectives.

Of course, it was only one by one that Bertha's little victories in her school were gained. The first real one was when the author of the caricature asked to be excused, and begged for the promised lessons in drawing.

Finally, it seemed that all the boys had lost the mutinous spirit which evidently possessed them at the opening of the school, with one exception. This boy was of surly, dogged disposition, and the frequent "thrashings" he received at home only intensified, instead of subduing his stubborn will. Gentle, encouraging words instead of rebukes for his many failures seemed lost upon him, until Bertha was well nigh disheartened. One morning she discovered him handling a pistol in his seat. After pondering how best to manage him, she told him to bring it to her, and, of course, he gave no heed. "Is it loaded?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'm, it is," and he looked his defiance, knowing she would not dare to wrest it from him.

Said she, "If you do not bring that pistol to me immediately, I shall send a note

to your father at once. Take your choice."

After a moment's hesitation he rose slowly from his seat, and sullenly carried it to her with the nozzle purposely pointed toward her, giving her a nervous thrill, though she would not gratify him by allowing him to suspect it.

And now a strange incident occurred. Just before noon of that very day, Bertha noticed three miserable looking tramps in front of the building, who seemed to be parleying about something, while casting frequent glances into the open door of the vestibule. She kept her eye on them, while a murmur of apprehension quavered through the school. Then, seeing them make a rush for the door, she exclaimed, "Boys, you must be my bulldogs, and get them by the throats," when she suddenly thought of the pistol, and seizing it, planted herself at the inner door to give them a sharp welcome as they entered. But lo, they rushed past to where the dinner pails and baskets were ranged together, and begun to gobble them up. That was enough for Bertha. She burst through the door with blazing eyes, and the vandals heard the click of her outstretched pistol, as she said, resolutely, "This pistol is loaded—leave those alone, or I'll shoot you!—I will!"

One look at her determined face showed them their danger, and crying out, "Don't shoot; don't shoot," they dropped the coveted booty and fled outside, seeking hasty refuge in the grove, from two approaching horsemen. These men Bertha sent to hunt down the poor wretches until they should be terrified nearly to death, when, being sufficiently punished, they were to be left without further molestation.

The excitement that followed this epi-

sode precluded all idea of resuming studies for that day. The boys gathered around Bertha, and declared her the pluckiest girl that ever lived. Even the surly boy was transformed, and when Bertha told him that it was his tabooed pistol, after all, that saved their dinners, he raised a shout of laughter by announcing that the pistol was useless and would not discharge the ball.

Then those of the boys who had brought their dinners held a short council with their sisters, after which Bertha was besieged to stay and dine with them. The dinners being deftly combined in a nice little "spread," she soon found herself being served in gallant style, marvelling, meanwhile, at the sudden change wrought in her school.

Then followed a long stroll in the grove, with its many delights, the returning horsemen having assured them that the tramps had left the neighborhood. In a secluded hollow they discovered a broad rock surrounded by foot-prints, where they imagined the tramps had planned to dine.

The next morning's exhibition of cordial, smiling school faces assured Bertha that at last she had the entire confidence and respect of her pupils. This made her so happy that she diffused more sunshine than ever in her Uncle's home. Already had her uniform kindness and deference of manner to her Aunt (as due her Uncle's wife), softened that woman's prejudice against her, and a complete victory was won when, at dinner, one day, Edgar exclaimed:

"Listen, everybody! Cousin Bertha says I ought to call somebody 'mamma,' and so I'll begin now. Mamma, may I have another piece of pie, please?"

Of course, he got it.

MARIA BARRETT BUTLER.

OH, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF, BIRDIE?

Oh, what are you thinking of, Birdie,
Sitting so still on a spray
Of an Apple tree, fronting my window,
This beautiful, sunshiny day?
Your pretty gray plumes are unruffled,
Your breast is as white as the snow;
Pray, tell me of what you are thinking,
For, indeed, I'm quite anxious to know,
Know, know,
For, indeed, I'm quite anxious to know.

"I'm thinking, I'm thinking," said Birdie,
"Of a nest in this round Apple tree,
Quite hid from your sight—it is fastened
'Twixt two boughs that are just behind me;
And in it four wee eggs are lying,
Four wee, speckled eggs, and ere long,
I shall, to four darling bird-babies,
Be singing a sweet mother-song,
Song, song,
Be singing a sweet mother-song."

MARGARET EYTINGE.

LEGEND OF THE IVY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

In a little village among the German hills, there once dwelt a beautiful, fair-haired maiden. Her eyes were blue as the summer sky, and her lips as ripe as an opening rosebud. It is said that this fair maid was something of a coquette, and had many lovers. But one seemed more favored than the rest, on him she cast her brightest smiles, and promised on some future day to give her hand in holy wedlock, "but not yet," she said, "give me freedom a little longer." Weeks passed, and the youth becoming jealous of her smiles, urged her to name the day when she would make him forever happy; but with a merry laugh and a twinkling eye, she bade him

"wait." He turned from her with a sigh, and waited. Again he came to her and urged his suit, but the same answer was given. A third time he came, saying, "I ask thee now, for the last time, to name our wedding day." She looked at him in surprise, and asked, "Why sayest thou for the last time?" "Because I have come to thee many times with the same request, and each time thou hast told me to wait. If still thou tellest me to wait, it will be to wait forever." Thinking he only told her this to frighten her, with



a toss of her pretty head, she replied, "Then wait forever, kind sir." Her lover, with one long, sad gaze in her sweet face, left her. Never thinking but he would come again and renew his suit, the maiden danced on and was as merry as ever. But days lengthened into weeks, and he came not. One day, news came that her lover had gone off to the Holy War, and she knew then that he would come no more. Bitterly she repented of her folly, but it was too late. In vain the village lads and maids smiled upon her and urged her to join them in their sports, but she heeded them not. Remorse and grief were gnawing at her heart. The roses faded from her cheek, her eyes grew dim and her step slow, and when, at last, word came that her lover had fallen in battle, she drooped and died. They buried her in the village church-yard, amid the budding flowers of spring, and there the kind villagers often went to scatter flowers over her grave, for she had been much loved by them. One day, on coming to her grave, they saw there a strange plant growing. It put forth its tender leaves and long, slender fingers, ever moving onward, it covered the grave till it was a beautiful mound of green, then moved on over the ground, fastening its slender fibers in the rootlets of the grass and clover. The superstitious

villagers watched it with wonder; never before had they seen so strange a plant, and they whispered one to another that this strange vine that was ever traveling onward was the maiden Ivy's soul going forth to find her lover.

ISA MONROE GRAY.

EDITOR'S MISCELLANY.

POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The American Pomological Society will meet, this fall, in Boston. The date of meeting is September 14th, and the session is to continue three days. The exhibition of fruits will be held in conjunction with the Massachusetts Horticultural Society's annual exhibition. The following paragraphs, taken from the circular lately issued, in relation to the meeting, and signed by P. Barry, First Vice President, and Charles W. Garfield, Secretary, will more fully inform our readers.

All horticultural, pomological, agricultural and other kindred associations in the United States and British Provinces are invited to send delegates, and all persons interested in the cultivation of fruits are cordially invited to attend.

The Society will not have the hoped-for pleasure of meeting its beloved President, who was stricken down by death, full of years and honors, just as he had commenced to prepare for this meeting; but it is hoped and expected that in honor of his memory there will be an unusually large attendance of members and delegates from all parts of the country, and that the session will be one of the most interesting and useful ever held by the Society.

The sad emergency which has arisen from the death of President Wilder, who had so wisely and successfully guided the Society for so long a period—indeed, it may be said, through its entire progress—makes it incumbent on all its true friends to rally now to its support, that its good work may be carried forward without interruption.

During the thirty-eight years of its existence, the Society has accomplished much in the interest of pomology and the fruit-growing industry of our country. It has effected an organization, through its committees, in every State and Territory. In its biennial reports it has brought out the latest and best experience, and has compiled a national catalogue consisting of nine hundred varieties of fruits adapted to the several States and Territories, with their varying climate and other conditions. Much is yet to be done, and with the experience acquired and facilities now enjoyed, the work of the future will be of greater value to the country than that of the past.

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Fair of this Society will be held in this city, September 8th to 14th. We are pleased to say that the new management of the Society promises to make this show superior in many respects to any ever held, and we anticipate a most successful result. One of the new features of the show is a set of prizes for the young folks in the Flower Department, for which children under fifteen years of age can compete. The prizes are ten in number, five each for cut flowers and floral designs.

There is a splendid set of premiums for horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, and for dairy and farm products, and for best honey, flowers, plants and fruits, and for a great variety of artistic and useful work.

Entries for exhibition, excepting fruits and flowers, must be made by August 8th, at which time the books

close. The List of Premiums and Regulations may be obtained by addressing the Secretary, J. S. Woodward, Albany, N. Y.

MICROSCOPY FOR BEGINNERS.

Harper & Brothers, of New York, have lately issued a volume with the above title, which will prove of great assistance to those who are using the microscope. The author is Alfred C. Stokes, M. D., who is already known as a microscopist and a writer on this subject of magazine articles. This is the first book that has been published relating especially to the minute objects found in the ponds and ditches of this country, and as such it will be of great service to older as well as young microscopists. The subject is treated in a simple and familiar manner, and at the same time with scientific accuracy and arrangement. The use of the microscope and mounting of objects is fully explained, and it is the most suitable book that can be placed in the hands of the beginner in microscopy.

DEATH OF JAMES GEDDES.

The Hon. James Geddes, who for many years has been identified with the interests of the New York State Agricultural Society, died at his home at Fair Mount, near Syracuse, on Monday, the 16th of May last. Mr. Geddes filled an important place in his community, being a man of large public spirit. He was a member of the Assembly of this State for two terms, was a general manager of the New York State Agricultural Society for a number of years, for many years was Vice President of the same Society, and at the time of his death was its President. His funeral, on the 18th ult., was largely attended by the officers of said Society.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

The *American Magazine*, a representative of American thought and life, issues a hundred thousand copies of its June number, which contains a great variety of interesting articles by some of the best talent of this country. This periodical ranks with the best of our literary monthlies. Each number contains a hundred and twenty-five or thirty pages, is abundantly illustrated, and its typography is of the best. Price \$3 a year. Published by R. T. Bush and Son, 130 and 132 Pearl Street, New York.

MEETING OF NURSERYMEN, SEEDSMEN, &C.

The twelfth annual meeting of Nurserymen, Seedsmen and Florists will be held at Chicago, Illinois, commencing on the 15th of the present month (June), and continuing three days. This meeting should have a full attendance of the members of the trade, to whom it will, no doubt, be of much interest and advantage.

DR. HOSKINS AND THE RURAL VERMONT.

Dr. Hoskins, who now has charge of the "Farm and Garden" department of the *Rural Vermonter*, of Montpelier, Vermont, is making it extremely interesting. Dr. H., among journalists, is one of the ablest and clearest of writers, and one of the best authorities on practical agriculture.